

## HYMNS.

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### I. TO APOLLO.<sup>1</sup>

I WILL call to mind, nor will I be forgetful of far-darting Apollo, whom even the gods dread as he goes through the house of Jove, and all rise up from their seats, as he comes near, when he stretches his glorious bow.<sup>2</sup> But Latona alone remains by the side of thunder-rejoicing Jove, who both relaxes his bow, and shuts up his quiver, and taking with her hands the bow from his mighty shoulders, hangs it up against a column of her sire's, from a golden peg, and conducting, seats him on a throne. And unto him his sire gives nectar in a golden goblet, receiving his dear son,<sup>3</sup> and then the other gods

<sup>1</sup> On the antiquity of this hymn, as attested by Thucydides, see Müller, *Gk. Lit.* v. § 1, and vii. § 3; and for an elegant analysis of its contents, Coleridge, pp. 284—291. Müller thinks that “a large portion of it has been lost, which contained the beginning of the narration, the true ground of the wanderings of Latona.” This he conjectured to have been “the announcement, probably made by Here, that Latona would produce a terrible and mighty son: of which a contradiction is meant to be implied in Apollo's first words, where he calls the cithera his favourite instrument, as well as the bow, and declares his chief office to be the promulgation of the counsels of Zeus.” See *Herm.* on vs. 29. Coleridge thinks that two distinct hymns, the second commencing at line 178, have been joined together, the first being “a distinct hymn to the Delian Apollo, prefixed without much skill to another hymn to the Pythian.” The same idea has been adopted by Grote, *Hist. of Greece*, vol. i. p. 61, sqq., where he has amply discussed the matter of this hymn. The beginning is imitated by Callimachus in *Del.* vs. 8.

<sup>2</sup> “Poeta initio universe reverentiam describens, quam dii præstent Apollini, ipsum deum eo habitu, auditoribus ostendit, quo ille maxime est admirabilis.” *Herm.*

<sup>3</sup> i. e. acknowledging his immortality by offering the drink of the gods. *Hor. Od.* iii. 3, 12, “Quos inter Augustus recumbens Purpureo bibit ore nectar.” Cf. *Virg. Ecl.* iv. 63, *Æn.* i. 83, and Hemsterhus. on *Lucian, Dial. Deor.* vol. ii. p. 259, ed. Bipont. *Helladius* apud *Phot.* p. 866, *νέκταρ οὐ μὲν ἐστί δυνατόν τοῖς θνητοῖς τοῦτέστι τοῖς κτεινομένοις μετασχεῖν.*

sit down here, and venerable Latona rejoices, for that she has borne a bow-bearing and valiant son. Hail! O blest Latona, since thou hast brought forth glorious children, both king Apollo, and shaft-delighting Diana, her indeed in Ortygia, but him in rugged Delos,<sup>4</sup> reclining against the long mountain and the hill of Cynthus, near a palm tree, beneath the streams of Inopus. For how shall I hymn thee, who art altogether worthy to be hymned, for by thee, O Phœbus, in every strain of song allotted,<sup>5</sup> both through the calf-nurturing mainland and through the isles. And all the high watches and lofty summits of towering mountains please thee, and the rivers which run onward into the ocean, and the shores stretched down to the sea, and the harbours of the sea. Shall I sing how first Latona bore thee, a delight to mortals, having reclined against mount Cynthus in a rugged isle, in sea-girt Delos; while on both sides the dark billow went forth against the land with clear-breathing winds. Starting from hence,<sup>6</sup> thou rulest over all mortals, as many as Crete contains within, and the people of Athens, and the island of Ægina, and ship-renowned Eubœa, and Ægæ,<sup>7</sup> and Iresia, and Peparethus near the sea, and Thracian Athos, and the lofty heads of Pelion, and Thracian Samos, and the shadowy mountains of Ida, Scyrus, and Phocœa, and the high mountain of Autocane, and well-built Imbrus, and Lemnos destitute of harbour, and divine Lesbos, the dwelling of Macar the son of Æolus, and Chios, which lies in the sea, the richest of isles, and irregular<sup>8</sup> Mimas, and the lofty heads of Corycus, and splendid Claros, and the high mountain of Æsagea,<sup>9</sup> and watery Samos, and the lofty heads of Mycale, and Miletus, and Cos, the city of articulate-speaking<sup>10</sup> men, and lofty Cnidus, and windy Car-

<sup>4</sup> See Spanh. on Callim. in Apoll. 60, in Del. 255.

<sup>5</sup> But Hermann reads *μεμλῆται ἀοιδῆς* . . . νόμος.

<sup>6</sup> After vs. 29, there is probably a lacuna.

<sup>7</sup> Hermann shows that this is the Achaian Ægæ, mentioned in Il. viii. 203, not the city of Eubœa.

<sup>8</sup> Hermann renders *παιπαλούς* "tortuosus," and says that it is so called "a multiplici littorum flexu."

<sup>9</sup> Ruhnken would read *Ἀιγαγέης*, which is a mountain in Asia. The other name is found nowhere.

<sup>10</sup> But Holstenius on Steph. p. 186, 6, considers *μερόπων* as a proper name. If so, translate, "the city of the Meropes."

pathus, and Naxos, and Paros, and rocky Rhenea. Over so <sup>11</sup> great [an extent of country] went Latona, about to bring forth the Far-Darter, [seeking] whether any one was willing to afford a dwelling to her, a child <sup>12</sup> of the earth. But these [lands] trembled much, and dreaded, nor did any one dare to receive Phœbus, although being very fertile, until that venerable Latona came to Delos, and questioning her, <sup>13</sup> spoke winged words:

“O Delos, if thou art not willing <sup>14</sup> to be the dwelling of my son Phœbus Apollo, and to erect a wealthy temple, no other shall ever touch, nor entreat <sup>15</sup> thee, nor do I think that thou wilt be rich in beeves, nor in sheep, nor wilt thou bear an harvest, nor produce countless plants. But if thou wilt possess a temple of far-darting Apollo, all men, assembling hither, shall escort to thee hecatombs, and to thee shall there ever be a mighty savour, [if thou wilt long <sup>16</sup> cherish thy king, and the gods shall preserve thee from the hands of others, since thou hast not a fertile soil.]”

Thus she spoke, and Delos rejoiced, and answering addressed her: “Latona, most glorious, daughter of mighty Cronus, joyfully indeed would I receive the birth of the far-darting king, for I indeed have too ill a report among men, but thus I should become greatly honoured. But this thing I dread, O Latona, nor will I conceal it from thee. For they say that Apollo will be very haughty, and will lord it greatly over the immortals, and over mortal men upon the bounteous earth. Wherefore I greatly dread in my mind and soul, lest, when he first beholds the light of the sun, he will despise the

<sup>11</sup> This is Barnes's excellent emendation. The order is ἐπὶ τόσσον ἵκετο.

<sup>12</sup> I cannot see how this term applies to Latona. Hermann's reading γαίῳν ἐθέλοι ὕμ does not remove the difficulty. Perhaps we should read εἴ τις οἱ γαίῳν ὕμς θέλοι οἰκέα θέσθαι.

<sup>13</sup> Delos is here personified.

<sup>14</sup> I have translated Ernesti's emendation εἰ γ' οὐκ ἐθέλεις, but am hardly yet satisfied. Hermann reads εἰ γὰρ κ' ἐθέλοις, but a negative is evidently required by what follows.

<sup>15</sup> Ruhnken would read οὐδέ σ' ἀτίσσει, *contemnet*. Ernesti prefers τίσει “nec te honore, beneficio adficiet.” This seems probable, as the mistake might easily arise from the duplication of the σ.

<sup>16</sup> Any thing more frigid than the phrase δηρὸν cannot be imagined. Perhaps Δήλω is the true reading, agreeing with τοι in the preceding line. Hermann has bracketed both this and the following verse.

island, because I am of a rugged soil, and, having overturned it with his feet, spurn it into the billows of the deep, where me, indeed, the mighty wave will ever wash over the head; but he will go to another land, which may please him to build a temple and foliated grove. But in me the polypuses and black sea-calves will make their unpleasing abodes, through lack of people. But if, O goddess, thou wouldst endure to swear unto me a mighty oath, that he will here first erect a beauteous temple, to be a place of oracles for men, but afterwards among all men, since he is of many names.<sup>17</sup>

Thus she spoke; and Latona swore the mighty oath of the gods [thus]: "Now may the earth and wide heaven above be witness to these things, and the down-flowing water of the Styx, (which is the mightiest and most dreadful oath to the blessed gods,) truly here shall there always be an incense-altar and enclosure of Phœbus, and he shall honour thee above all." But when indeed she had sworn, and had ended the oath, Delos rejoiced much at the birth<sup>18</sup> of the far-darting king. But Latona for nine days and nine nights was pierced with unexpected throes, and all the goddesses were within<sup>19</sup> [with her], as many as were best, both Dione, and Rhea, and Ichnæan<sup>20</sup> Themis, and loud-resounding Amphitrite, and the other immortals save only white-armed Juno; for she sat in the palace of cloud-compelling Jove, and birth-presiding Ilythia alone<sup>21</sup> had not known [of her labour]. For she was sitting

<sup>17</sup> Ernesi understands "tum ego utique te libenter, receperim," from vss. 62, 63. Hermann thinks there is a lacuna.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. at the prospect of being his birth-place, for he was not yet born.

<sup>19</sup> Hermann reads *ἐνθαδε* for *ἐνδοθι*. The latter phrase could be understood, if Latona had been regularly brought to bed in a palace or dwelling, and, in my opinion, it is metaphorically used, as though such were really the case. Chapman has well expressed the idea:

"Latona, thou nine days and nights did fall  
In hopeless labour, *at whose birth* were all  
Heaven's most supreme and worthy goddesses."

The reader will perhaps call to mind the delivery of Sabra in the "Seven Champions," where there is a similar attendance of heathen goddesses, amusingly brought to the aid of the Christian knight's lady.

<sup>20</sup> So called from the city Ichnæa. Steph. Byz. s. v. p. 340, ed. Pined. *ἰχναία ἡ θέμις· διωκομένη γὰρ ὑπὸ τοῦ Διὸς, κατέλειφθη ἐν τοῖς τῶν Ἰχναίων τόποις. Καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ διωχθῆναι κατ' ἰχνοῦ ὠνομάσθη.* See Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 88, and Muller, Dor. vol. i. p. 471, note, Append. i. § 5.

<sup>21</sup> There is much inelegance in *νόσφιν* λ. "Ἥρης and μούνη δ' οὐκ

beneath the golden clouds on lofty Olympus, through the devices of white-armed Juno, who kept her back<sup>22</sup> through envy, because fair-haired Latona was then about to bring forth a blameless and mighty son. But they sent Iris from the well-built island, to bring Ilithyia, promising [to her as a gift] a mighty necklace woven with golden threads, nine cubits [in length]. But they ordered [Iris] to call her apart from white-armed Juno, lest she should then by words divert her from going. But when Iris, with feet swift as the wind, heard this, she set out to run, and swiftly passed through all the midst. But when she reached the dwelling of the gods, lofty Olympus, straightway having called Ilithyia out of doors from the house, she addressed [to her] winged words, in all exactly as the possessors of the Olympian dwellings had enjoined. And she persuaded her mind within her breast, and they both set out, like in step to timid does. But when Ilithyia, who presides over labour, reached Delos, then indeed labour seized [Latona], and she was ready to bring forth. And she threw her arms around the palm,<sup>23</sup> and rested her knees on the soft meadow, and the earth smiled beneath. And he leaped forth into the light, and all the goddesses gave a shout.<sup>24</sup> There, O archer Phœbus, the goddesses washed thee<sup>25</sup>

ἐπέπυστο, κ. τ. λ. I cannot help thinking that ἦστο γὰρ ἐν μεγάροισι Διὸς νεφέλῃ γετεράο is a clumsy addition by a sciolist who thought it necessary to state where Juno was. At all events vs. 99 renders it utterly redundant and pointless.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. prevented her attending upon Latona.

<sup>23</sup> The reason of this is not badly explained by the Schol. on Apollon. Rh. i. 1131, ἔθος ἐστὶ ταῖς κνούσαις τῶν παρακειμένων λαμβάνεσθαι, καὶ ἀποκουφίζειν ἑαυτὰς τῶν ἀλγυδόνων· ὥς καὶ Λητώ ἐλάβετο τοῦ φοίνικος. Reference is also made to the present passage in Theognis, 5, φοῖβε ἄναξ, ὅτε μὲν σε θεὰ τέκε πότνια Λητώ Φοῖνικος ῥαδινῆς χερσὶν ἐφαψαμένη; and Callim. in Del. 208, Λύσατο δὲ ζώνην, ἀπὸ δ' ἐκλίθη ἔμπαλιν ὤμοις Φοῖνικος ποτὶ πρέμνον, ἀμυχανίης ὑπὸ λυγρῆς Τειρομένη. The same tree is mentioned in Odys. vi. 162, and was said to be in existence in the time of Pliny, Hist. Nat. xiv. 44.

<sup>24</sup> Job xxxviii. 7, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

<sup>25</sup> "And thee, O archer Phœbus, with waves clear  
Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere  
And spotless swath-bands; and made them to flow  
About thy breast, a mantle, white as snow;  
Fine, and new made; and cast a veil of gold  
Over thy forehead."

Chapman.

in the fair water purely and holily, and swaddled thee in a white robe, fine, beautiful, and around they put on a golden roller.<sup>26</sup> Nor in truth did his mother suckle gold-falchioned Apollo, but Themis with her immortal hands offered him nectar and pleasant ambrosia, and Latona rejoiced, because she had brought forth a bow-bearing and valiant son. But when, O Phœbus, thou hadst tasted the immortal food, no longer did the golden swaddling-clothes hold thee panting, nor did the bandage keep thee, but all the restraints were broken. And straightway Phœbus Apollo spake among the immortals: "May a lyre and bending bow be mine, and I will declare to men the unerring counsel of Jove."<sup>27</sup>

Having spoken thus, Phœbus the far-darting, with unshorn locks, went from the wide-wayed earth, and all the immortal goddesses were terrified.<sup>28</sup> But then all Delos became heavy with gold,<sup>29</sup> beholding the offspring of Jove and Latona; rejoicing, because the god had chosen it out of the islands and the mainland, to settle [in it] his dwelling, and had loved it more from his heart.<sup>30</sup> It flourished, as when the summit of a mountain [flourishes] with the blossoms of the wood. But thou thyself, O thou of the silver bow, far-darting king Apollo, sometimes indeed didst walk on rocky Cynthus, and sometimes thou wouldst flee to the islands and their inhabitants?<sup>31</sup> Thine are full many temples and foliaged groves, and all the high rocks are dear [to thee], and the lofty summits of towering mountains, and the rivers that flow on into the sea. But thou, O Phœbus, art chiefly delighted in heart at Delos. There the long-trained Ionians are assembled in honour of thee, with their children<sup>32</sup> and respected wives. But they, mindful, delight thee with boxing, and dancing, and song, when they be-

<sup>26</sup> i. e. a swath-band decked or woven with gold.

<sup>27</sup> Cf. Æsch. Eum. 19, with Stanley's note. So in Callimachus in Dian. 6, Diana claims her prerogative from her father Zeus. On these offices of Apollo, cf. pseud-Orpheus, hymn. xxxiv. p. 295, ed. Herm.

<sup>28</sup> Cf. vs. 2, and Muller, Dorians, Bk. ii. ch. 6, p. 315. In the preceding line Matthiæ rightly reads *ἐπὶ* for *ἀπὸ*.

<sup>29</sup> This is expressed by Callimachus in his usual exaggerated style, in Del. vs. 260, sqq.

<sup>30</sup> Call. *ibid.* 269, *Δήλιος Ἀπόλλων κεκλήσεται, οὐδὲ τις ἄλλη Γαῖᾶν τοσσόνδε θεῶν πεφιλήσεται ἄλλῃ.*

<sup>31</sup> But Hermann on Vig. p. 718, and Ilgen, understand *ἀνέρας* of the inhabitants of the mainland, in contradistinction to *νήσου*.

<sup>32</sup> Hermann rightly reads *αὐτοῖσιν παῖδες*.



gin the contest. A man would say that they were immortal and without age, the Ionians who are then assembled † opposite † thee.<sup>33</sup> For he would perceive the pleasure of all, and would be delighted in mind, both contemplating the men, and the well-girt women, and the swift ships, and their many possessions. And besides these, this mighty marvel, the glory of which shall never perish, the Delian girls, the servants<sup>34</sup> of the Far-Darter, who, after they have first chaunted Apollo in hymns, and then Latona and shaft-rejoicing Diana, calling to mind the heroes and heroines of old, sing a hymn, and charm the crowds of men. And they ken how to imitate the voices and modulation<sup>35</sup> of all men. And each single man would say that he himself spoke, so beautiful a song is contrived by them. But come now, O Latona, and Apollo, with Diana, and hail all of you!<sup>36</sup> And be mindful of me hereafter also, when any one of earthly men, coming hither as a sad stranger, shall ask: “O virgins, what man among you dwells here, the sweetest of bards, and in whom do ye take most delight?” But do ye all answer, “[He is] of us, a blind man, and he dwells at rocky Chios, whose songs shall all hereafter excel. But we<sup>37</sup> shall bear our own renown [with us], how far soever over the earth we shall visit the well-inhabited cities of men.” And they will be persuaded, since it is also true. But I will not cease hymning far-darting Apollo of the silver bow, whom fair-haired Latona bore.

O king,<sup>38</sup> thou who possessest both Lycia, and pleasant Mæo-

<sup>33</sup> Hermann, after Ilgen, reads ὃς τοῦ ἐπαντιάσει, ὅτ' ἰάονες ἀθρόοι εἶεν, which seems the most satisfactory reading yet proposed.

<sup>34</sup> Cf. Callim. in Del. 296, sqq.

<sup>35</sup> See Ernesti.

<sup>36</sup> The following translation of these beautiful lines is given in Coleridge, p. 286:

“Virgins! farewell—and oh! remember me  
Hereafter, when some stranger from the sea,  
A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,  
And ask you, maids, of all the bards you boast,  
Who sings the sweetest, and delights you most—  
O! answer all—‘A blind old man and poor—  
Sweetest he sings—and dwells on Chios’ rocky shore!’”

These lines are quoted by Thucydides, iii. 104.

<sup>37</sup> Ruhnken would omit these four verses, which Hermann, I think, vainly defends.

<sup>38</sup> Here begins the hymn to the Pythian Apollo, of which Muller, Gk. Lit. vii. § 4, observes, “it belongs to a time when the Pythian sanctuary was still in the territory of Crissa: of the hostility between the Pythian

nia, and Miletus, a maritime, pleasant city, and who also<sup>39</sup> rulest mightily over sea-washed Delos. But the son of all-renowned Latona goes to rocky Pytho, playing on his hollow harp, wearing immortal incense-scented garments, while his harp beneath the golden quill<sup>40</sup> utters a pleasant twang. But hence from the earth he goes to heaven, when [he has] the mind, to the house of Jove, after the assemblage of the other gods; and straightway the harp and song are a care to mortals. The muses indeed, all at once answering with beauteous voice, sing the immortal gifts of the gods, and the sufferings of men, as many things as they possessing at the hands of the immortal gods, live destitute of counsel<sup>41</sup> and resources, nor are able to find a remedy for death and a defence against age. But the fair-tressed Graces, and the wise Hours, and Harmony, and Hebe, and Venus, the daughter of Jove, dance, holding each others' hands by the wrist. To them no mean nor trivial<sup>42</sup> [songstress] plays, but shaft-rejoicing Dian, the foster-sister of Apollo, most mighty to behold, and in aspect wondrous. Here again with them sport Mars and well-watching Mercury, but Phœbus Apollo strikes the harp, taking grand and lofty steps, and a shining haze surrounds him, and glittering of feet, and of his well-fitted tunic. And both golden-tressed Latona and deep-planning Jove are delighted at it, as they perceive his mighty mind, their darling son sporting among the immortal gods.

How then shall I hymn thee who art altogether worthy to be hymned? Shall I sing of thee among suitors and love, how once on a time, wooing,<sup>43</sup> thou didst approach the Azanian girl, in company with godlike Ischys, the son of Elation,

priests and the Crissæans, which afterwards led to the war of the Amphictyons against the city of Crissa, (in Olymp. 47,) there is no trace; a passage also shows that horse-races had not as yet been introduced at the Pythian games, which began immediately after the Crissæan war: the ancient Pythian contests had been confined to music."

<sup>39</sup> Hermann says that *αὐτὸς* is *ideas*.

<sup>40</sup> The plectrum, with which the strings of the lyre were struck. Polux, iv. 9, 3. The modern mandolin is played in the same manner.

<sup>41</sup> Barnes rightly reads *ἀμφοδίτες*.

<sup>42</sup> Read *οὐτ' ἐλάχεια* with Barnes, as in Od. ix. 116, etc.

<sup>43</sup> Hermann reads *ὀπποτ' ἀγαιόμενος*, observing, "indignatum coronidi Apollinem constat." So Hom. Od. xx. 16, *ἀγαιομένου κατὰ ἔργα*. This certainly approaches the vestiges of the old reading, *ἀνωόμενος*. The present one, adopted by Ernesti, is due to Bernard Martin.



of noble steeds, or with Phorbas, son of Tropus,<sup>44</sup> or with Ereutheus, or with Leucippus, and the wife of Leucippus, [thou] on foot, but he with steeds? †Nor yet was Triopus wanting.† Or [shall I sing] how first seeking an oracle for men, thou didst traverse the earth, O far-darting Apollo? For thou first wentest down from Olympus in Pieria, and didst pass over sandy Lecton,<sup>45</sup> and the Magnesians, and through the Perrhæbians. And quickly didst thou reach Iolcus, and come to Cenæum in ship-renowned Eubœa. And thou didst stand upon the Lelantian plain, which pleased not thy mind so that thou shouldst [there] erect a temple and foliaged wood. But from hence, O far-darting Apollo, having crossed the Euripus, thou, divine one, wentest over the verdant mountain,<sup>46</sup> and quickly camest from it to Mycalessus and grassy-couched Teumessus. And thou camest to the land of Thebe clad with woods; for not yet did any one of mortals dwell in sacred Thebe, nor were there as yet any roads or ways through the wheat-bearing plain of Thebe, but it was overgrown with wood.<sup>47</sup> But from hence, O far-darting Apollo, thou wentest onwards, and didst reach Onchestus, the splendid wood of Neptune, where a newly-broken foal breathes again, laden as he is,<sup>48</sup> dragging the handsome chariot, and the driver, though skilful, falling from the chariot to the ground, goes on his way. But they so long indeed rattle along the chariot, having cast off their ruler. But if indeed he guides his chariot into the foliaged grove,<sup>49</sup> they rub down

<sup>44</sup> Read *Τριόπειω γένος* with Ilgen. Hermann transposes vss. 211, 212, and thinks, with reason, that there is a lacuna after vs. 212, and also after vs. 214, the next line probably commencing with *ὑἱός*, depending on *Τριόπος*.

<sup>45</sup> But Ilgen and Matthiæ read *Ἡμαθίην τε παρέστιχες ἡδ' Ἐνιῆνας*. For *Λέκτον* Hermann reads *Λύγκον*, which was a city near Emathia.

<sup>46</sup> Hermann marks a lacuna after vs. 222. The mountain was Messapius in Bœotia.

<sup>47</sup> ὕλη, Barnes's correction, seems necessary to the sense. But the whole line appears to me a clumsy repetition from vs. 225.

<sup>48</sup> Ilgen reads *κῆρ* = "pained to the soul," which is approved by Hermann. But there is no occasion to alter the old reading, if we translate *ἀναπνέει* "recovers his spirits," i. e. does not give way. So Chapman,

"Where new-tamed horse bred, nourish nerves so rare  
That still they frolic, though they travail'd are  
Never so sore—"

<sup>49</sup> I am more inclined to suppose something wanting here.

their steeds, but leave the chariots, having tilted them.<sup>50</sup> For thus at the first was the religious custom; but they pray to king [Apollo], and then the destiny of the gods saves the chariot. But from hence thou wentest onwards, O far-darting Apollo, and thou didst next reach fair-streamed Cephissus, which pours forth fair-flowing water from Lilæum. Having passed over this, O Far-Darter, and over well-turreted Ocalea, thou camest from thence to grassy Haliartus. And thou wentest on to Delphusa,<sup>51</sup> where the harmless country pleased thee, that thou shouldst erect a temple and foliaged grove. And thou stoodest very near her and addressed her in words:

“Delphusa, here indeed I design to build a very beautiful temple, as a shrine for men, who in my honour shall ever bring perfect hecatombs hither, ay, as many [men] as possess rich Peloponnesus, and as many as [dwell in] Europe and the sea-girt isles, in quest of oracles. But to them all will I declare unerring counsel, giving responses in my rich temple.”

Thus having spoken, Phœbus Apollo began to lay down the foundations, wide, and very long in extent. But Delphusa, perceiving, was wroth at heart, and spake thus:

“Phœbus! far-darting king, what word shall I speak to thy mind? since thou designest to build here a very beautiful temple, to be a shrine for men, who indeed shall always bring hither to thee perfect hecatombs. But I will speak out to thee, and do thou cast it in thy mind; the noise of fleet steeds shall ever harass thee, and the [noise of the] mules coming to water from my sacred fountains. Here any one of men will rather wish to behold the well-wrought chariots of men, and the rattling of swift-footed steeds,<sup>52</sup> than a great temple

<sup>50</sup> “*Currus solutis equis reclinatos relinquunt.*” Ernesti. If we consider the light make of the old Grecian chariots, and that they had but two wheels, this operation will appear easy.

<sup>51</sup> Or “Tilphusa,” which orthography is followed by Hermann, Grote, and others.

<sup>52</sup> “While seeking a site for a temple in Bœotia, Apollo is recommended by a water-goddess, Tilphussa or Delphussa, to place it in the territory of Crissa, in the ravine of Parnassus: her advice being prompted by the malicious hope that a dangerous serpent, which abode there, would destroy the youthful god. Apollo accepts her counsel, but frustrates her intent: he founds his temple in this solitary glen, slays the dragon, and then punishes Tilphussa by stopping up her fountain.” Muller, *Gk. Lit.* i. c. § 4.

and many possessions within it. But if thou wilt be persuaded, (but thou art greater and braver, O king, than I am, and thy strength is mightiest,) erect for thyself [a temple] in Crissa, beneath the folds of Parnassus, where neither are the handsome chariots shaken along, nor will there be a noise of swift-footed steeds around thy well-built altar. And even thus the glorious tribes of men will bring offerings to Io-Pæan, and do thou, rejoicing in thy mind, receive the fair offerings of the neighbouring men.

Thus speaking, she persuaded the mind of the Far-Darter, that to Delphusa there should be her own renown o'er the earth, and not that of the Far-Darter. But from hence thou wentest onward, O far-darting Apollo, and thou camest into the city of the insolent Plegyan men, who, caring not for Jove, dwelt upon the earth in a beauteous dell, near the lake of Cephissus. From hence thou swiftly camest rushing<sup>53</sup> to the rock, and thou didst reach Crissa,<sup>54</sup> below snowy Parnassus, turned at its base towards the west, but above the rock is suspended aloft, and a rugged, hollow cave runs below. Here king Phœbus Apollo resolved to construct a pleasant temple, and thus he spoke: "Here indeed I design to build a very beautiful temple, to be a shrine of oracles for men, who shall always bring hither to me perfect hecatombs, ay, as many [men] as possess rich Peloponnesus, and as many as [dwell in] Europe<sup>55</sup> and the sea-girt isles, coming in quest of oracles. But to them all will I declare unerring counsel, giving responses in my rich temple."

Thus having spoken, Phœbus Apollo began to lay down the foundations, wide, and very long in extent. And upon them Trophonius and Agamedes, the sons of Erginus, dear to the immortal gods, laid a stone threshold. But innumerable troops of men built the temple around with hewn stones, so that it should ever be a subject of song. And near it [is] the fair-flowing fountain, where the royal son of Jove, with his strong bow, slew the serpent, a stoutly-nourished, mighty, a savage portent, which did many ills to men upon the earth, many to themselves, and many to their long-footed sheep, since it was a blood-thirsty bane. † And once on a time hav-

<sup>53</sup> But Hermann reads *θείων* for *θύων*.

<sup>54</sup> See Muller, Dorians, vol. i. p. 238, sqq.

<sup>55</sup> On this early mention of Europe as a territory, see Herm.

ing received from golden-throned, dreadful, and grievous Typhaon, a bane to mortals,†<sup>56</sup> whom once Juno brought forth, enraged against father Jove, when indeed the son of Saturn begat glorious Minerva in the top of his head, and hallowed Juno was enraged, and she also spoke among the assembled immortals: “Hear me both all ye gods and all ye goddesses, how cloud-compelling Jove begins to insult me first, since he made me his wife, knowing prudent things. And now apart from me has he given birth to dark-eyed Minerva, who is conspicuous among all the blessed immortals. But my son Vulcan has been rendered lame amongst all the gods, being halt as to his feet, whom I myself hurled down, seizing him with my hands, and cast into the wide sea.<sup>57</sup> But him Thetis, the silver-footed daughter of Nereus, received, and led to her own sisters. †Would that she might grant another favour to the blessed gods!†<sup>58</sup> Wretch! crafty-planner! what else dost thou now devise? How daredst thou alone produce dark-eyed Minerva? I have not become a mother, and yet I have been called thy [wife] among the immortals, who possess the wide heaven. And now,† therefore, will I try some device, so that a son may be mine,<sup>59</sup> who may excel among the immortal gods, neither dishonouring thy sacred couch, nor mine own. Nor will I go to the couch with thee, but being far away from thee, I will be among the immortal gods.”<sup>60</sup>

Thus speaking, she went far away from the gods, enraged as she was,<sup>61</sup> and straightway large-eyed venerable Venus prayed, and with pressed-down hand she smote the earth, and said: “Hear now me, earth, and wide heaven above, and ye Titan gods,<sup>62</sup> who dwelling beneath the earth †around

<sup>56</sup> Ruhnken would omit these two lines, and with reason.

<sup>57</sup> See my note on Il. xviii. 395, sqq.

<sup>58</sup> This line is far from satisfactory.

<sup>59</sup> Hermann well renders, “ut meus aliquis nascatur filius.”

<sup>60</sup> This seems a contradiction to vs. 331, ἀπὸ νόσφι θεῶν. I have little doubt that θεοῖσι μετέσσομαι ἀθανάτοισιν is copied from θεοῖσι μεταπρέποι ἀθανάτοισιν in vs. 327, and has thus supplanted the genuine reading.

<sup>61</sup> I certainly prefer *χωμένη κῆρ* with Barnes. Virg. *Æn.* i. 54. “*Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans.*” Aristoph. *Lysistr.* 9, *κάομαι τὴν καρδίαν.*

<sup>62</sup> Observe the anacoluthon. As there is much awkwardness in the

mighty Tartarus, from whom † are men and gods. Hear me now, all of you, and give me offspring without Jove, nought inferior to him in might; but let him be as much better, as wide-seeing Jove [is better] than Saturn.”

Thus having spoken, she smote the earth with her strong hand, and the life-bearing earth was moved. But she, perceiving it, was delighted in her mind, for she thought that the thing was accomplished. And from this time for a full year she never went to the bed of deep-planning Jove, nor, sitting by him on his various-decked throne as before, did she deliberate prudent counsels. But large-eyed, hallowed Juno, remaining in her prayer-fraught<sup>63</sup> temples, was delighted with her own rites. But when now the nights<sup>64</sup> and days were accomplished, the year being again rolled round, and the season came, she brought forth dreadful and grievous Typhon, like neither unto gods nor mortals, a bane to men. And<sup>65</sup> immediately large-eyed hallowed Juno received him, then bearing him, she gave evil to evil.<sup>66</sup> But she received him, † who did many evils to the glorious tribes of men. † Whoever met her, him the fatal day carried off, before that the far-darting king, Apollo, had aimed his strong shaft at him. But she [now] lay tortured with bitter pains, panting greatly, rolling about on the ground. And a wondrous, boundless noise arose. But she kept continually rolling here and there in the wood, and gave up her life, breathing forth gore. But over her Phœbus Apollo vaunted: “Here now rot upon the man-feeding earth.

passage as it stands, I am strongly inclined to read ὑπὸ χθονὶ ναιετάουσι, omitting the next line.

<sup>63</sup> Barnes's rendering, “multis votis frequentatis,” or Chapman's, “vow-frequented,” seems better than Ernesti's “optatissimis.”

<sup>64</sup> Herm. μῆνες τε καὶ ἡμ.

<sup>65</sup> Ruhnken would omit vs. 353, 354, 356, which are certainly very awkwardly placed. “Sed ita de Typhaone erunt accipienda, quæ ad draconem pertinere, indicat tota sequens oratio,” observes Ernesti, who would merely omit vs. 355.

<sup>66</sup> i. e. adding a new monster to the serpent already born. See Barnes. Chapman:

“ — which, received to hand  
By Juno, instantly she gave command  
(Ill to ill adding) that the dragoness  
Should bring it up; who took, and did oppress  
With many a misery, to maintain th' excess  
Of that inhuman monster, all the race  
Of men, that were of all the world the grace.”

No longer shalt thou be an evil destruction to living mortals, who, eating the fruit of the much-nurturing earth, bring hither perfect hecatombs. Nor shall Typho, nor Chimæra, of ill-omened name, avert death from thee, but here shall the black earth and rouser<sup>67</sup> Hyperion rot thee."

Thus he spoke, vaunting, but darkness veiled her eyes, and the sacred might of the sun caused her [carcass] to putrefy there, from whence he is now called Pytho, but they call him the Pythian king with reason, because there the might of the piercing sun rotted<sup>68</sup> the monster. And then indeed Phœbus Apollo perceived in his mind that the fair-flowing fountain had deceived him. And enraged he went to Delphusa, and quickly reached her, and stood very near her, and addressed her in words:

"Delphusa, thou wast not destined to deceive my mind, possessing a pleasant country to send forth<sup>69</sup> [thy] fair-flowing water. Here then shall my renown also be, not thine only." He spoke, and the far-darting king, Apollo, pushed the summit into †the water-streaming rocks,†<sup>70</sup> and hid the streams, and made a temple in the foliaged wood, very near the fair-flowing fountain. But here all pay vows to the king, Delphusian by surname, because he defiled the streams of sacred Delphusa. And then indeed Phœbus Apollo bethought him in mind, what men he should lead in as ministers of his rites, who do him service in rocky Pytho. Deliberating on these things,<sup>71</sup> he perceived on the dark sea a swift ship, and in it were men both many and good, Cretans<sup>72</sup> from Minoian Cnossus, who indeed both perform sacred rites to the king, and proclaim the laws of Phœbus Apollo of the golden sword, whatsoever he may say, uttering in oracle from

<sup>67</sup> Compare the epithet *ἡλεκτρὶς* given to the moon in the pseud-Orphic hymns, ix. 6, ed. Herm. Cf. Il. xix. 398, with Heracl. Pontic. Alleg. Hom. p. 469, ed. Gale, and Alberti on Hesych. t. i. p. 1621, sq.

<sup>68</sup> Ruhnken is by no means favourable to the retention of this passage, but Ernesti and Hermann with reason defend it, despite its absurdity.

<sup>69</sup> I read *προχέειν*, with Barnes.

<sup>70</sup> "Locum petræ, ubi profunderetur aqua e rupe prosiliente," is Ernesti's interpretation, who compares the imitation of the passage in Callim. in Del. 133, *ἀλλά οἱ Ἀρης Παγγαίου προθέλυμνα καρήατα μέλλεν, αἰείρας ἔμβαλέειν δίνησιν, ἀποκρύψειν δὲ ῥέεθρα.*

<sup>71</sup> This passage is terribly misplaced. Hermann rightly places vs. 394 after 390, and vs. 391 after 396, marking a lacuna after *ἄνακτι*.

<sup>72</sup> Cf. Grote, Hist. of Greece, vol. i. p. 65.



the laurel, beneath the valleys of Parnassus. They indeed were sailing into sandy Pylos, and the Pylian-sprung men for traffic and business in a dark ship, but Phœbus Apollo met them. And into the sea he made a spring, in body likened to a dolphin,<sup>73</sup> into the swift ship, and he lay a mighty and dreadful monster. And no one of them in his mind could regard or observe<sup>74</sup> him, \* \* \* \* he moved in all directions, and shook the timbers of the ship. But they in silence sat in the ship, in dread, nor did they loose the cables throughout the hollow black ship, nor did they loose the sail of the black-prowed ship; but as they who first set to work with [ropes of] bull hides, so they sailed, and the light south wind †from behind pressed on<sup>75</sup> the swift ship.† And they first passed by Malea, and came to the Lacedæmonian land, the sea-girt city, and Tænarus, the country of the mortal-rejoicing sun, where the dense-fleeced sheep of the king Sun ever feed, and possess a pleasant country. They indeed here wished to stop the ship, and, disembarking, to observe and behold with their eyes the mighty marvel, whether the monster would remain on the plain [decks] of the hollow ship, or would make a spring into the fishy wave of the sea around. But the well-built ship obeyed not the rudders, but keeping rich Peloponnesus at its side, it went on its way. And by the wind Apollo, the far-darting king, easily directed it; and she, making her way, came to Arene, and pleasant Argyphæa, and Thryum, the ford of Alpheus, and handsome Æpy, and sandy Pylos, and the Pylos-born men. And he went past Crunii, and Chalcis, and by Dyme, and by divine Elis, where the Epeians rule. And she reached Pheræ,<sup>76</sup> rejoicing in the gale of Jove. And to them out from the clouds appeared the lofty crag of Ithaca, and Dulichium, and Same, and woody Zacynthus. And it indeed passed by over<sup>77</sup> all Peloponne-

<sup>73</sup> "This, I imagine, was not the dolphin of modern times, which is a slender, elegant, and comparatively small fish; but, as seems clear from the descriptions in the classic poets generally, nothing more or less than the porpoise." Coleridge, p. 290.

<sup>74</sup> I read τῶν δ' οὔτις κατὰ θυμὸν ἐπεφράσατ' οὐδ' ἐνόησεν, with Matth. and Herm., placing a mark of lacuna after the line.

<sup>75</sup> I read ἐπείγει, with Ruhnken, instead of ἔγειρε. Cf. Od. xii. 167, ἐπείγει γὰρ οὐρὸς ἀπήμων.

<sup>76</sup> Cf. Od. xv. 295.

<sup>77</sup> Hermann has changed ἐπὶ to ἐπι, which he says is "adverbialiter de superficie dictum," as in Il. xvii. 650, μάχη δ' ἐπι πᾶσα φαάνθη.

sus, and when now the boundless bosom of Crissa appeared, which divides off rich Peloponnesus, there came a mighty west wind, clear, from the will of Jove, vehement, blowing briskly from the clear sky, that with all speed the ship might make its way, running along the briny wave of the sea. And backwards they then sailed towards the morn and the sun; and king Apollo, the son of Jove, was leader. And they came into western Crissa abounding in vines, into the port; but the sea-traversing ship drew nigh to the sands. Here the far-darting king, Apollo, bounded from the ship, like unto a star at mid-day, but from it flitted many sparks, and the brilliancy reached to heaven,<sup>78</sup> and he went into his recess through the high-valued tripods. And then he kindled a flame, showing forth his shafts,<sup>79</sup> and the gleam occupied all Crissa. But the wives and fair-girdled daughters of the Crissæans raised a shout, under the influence of Phœbus's shock, for a mighty fear seized each. Here again, like thought, he leaped in flight to the ship, likened unto a youthful and vigorous man just reached puberty, enwrapping his broad shoulders in his hair, and addressing them, he spoke winged words:

"O strangers, who are ye? Whence do ye sail o'er the watery ways? Is it for traffic, or do ye wander at random, like pirates, over the seas, who indeed wander, risking their lives, bearing evil to men of other lands?<sup>80</sup> Why stand ye thus astounded, and do not disembark upon the land, nor stow the cables in the black ship? For this indeed is the business of adventurous men, when, worn out with toil, they have come in the dark ship from the sea to land, but straightway love of pleasant food seizes them in their minds."

Thus he spake, and set boldness in their breasts. And

<sup>78</sup> Chapman:

" — And then forth brake  
The far-shot king, like to a star that shows  
His glorious forehead, where the mid-day glows,  
That all in sparkles did his state attire,  
Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire."

<sup>79</sup> Barnes compares Il. xii. 280. The following translation is given in Coleridge, p. 291:

" — right through the tripods he  
Pass'd to his secret fane, and there in flames  
Burn'd visible with terrors manifest."

<sup>80</sup> Cf. Od. iii. 71, sqq., with my note.

him the ruler of the Cretans, answering, addressed in turn : “ Stranger, since thou art not indeed by any means like<sup>81</sup> unto mortals, neither in body, nor in stature, but to the immortal gods,<sup>82</sup> hail ! and hail greatly ! and may the gods give thee prosperity. And do thou tell me this truly, that I may well know ; what people, what land, what mortals gave thee birth ? For with our minds another way have we sailed o’er the mighty wave, into Pylos, from Crete, where we boast our race to be. But now we have come hither with the ship, not wishing [to do so], longing for our return, by another way, another path. But some one of the immortals has led us hither against our will.”

But them far-darting Apollo answering addressed : “ Strangers, who before dwelt around rich-foliaged Cnossus, but [who] shall now never return back each to your pleasant city and handsome dwellings, and to your dear wives, but ye shall here keep my rich temple, honoured<sup>83</sup> amongst many men. But I am the son of Jove, and I boast to be Apollo ; and I have led you hither o’er the mighty wave of the sea, having no evil design, but here ye shall keep my rich temple, much honoured among all men, and ye shall ken the counsels of men, by whose will ye shall ever be honoured throughout all your days. But come, as I say, with all haste obey. First let down the sails, having loosed the [cables of] bull hides, and then haul the swift<sup>84</sup> ship upon the mainland, and take the stowage and tackle out of the equal ship, and make an altar upon the shore of the sea, kindling a fire, and sacrificing upon it white wheat. and afterwards pray, standing around the altar. As I indeed first, in the shadowy sea, leaped upon the swift ship, likened unto a dolphin, so pray ye to me under the title of Delphin,

<sup>81</sup> I am scarcely satisfied with the accumulation in *ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν γάρ τι*, and Hermann’s apology, “ dictum negligenter, ut in sermone communi,” I don’t understand.

<sup>82</sup> Matthiæ thinks that some such verse as the following has been lost :

*Ἰληθ’ εἰ δέ τις ἔσσι καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,*

which seems not improbable.

<sup>83</sup> I read *τετιμένοι* with Hermann, who says that this epithet is always applied to men, not things, referring to Il. xx, 426 ; xxiv. 533 ; Od. viii. 472 ; xiii. 28.

<sup>84</sup> But Matthiæ reads *ἔπειτα μέλαιναν*, *ἐπ’ ἡπείρου*, to avoid the hiatus.

and the altar itself<sup>85</sup> shall be Delphian<sup>85</sup> and ever an object to be seen. And afterwards take repast near the swift dark ship, and make a libation to the blessed gods, who possess Olympus. But when ye have dismissed the desire of sweet food, come together with me, and sing Io-Pæan, until ye come to the place where ye shall keep [my] rich temple."

Thus he spoke, but they willingly heard him, and obeyed. They first let down the sails, and loosed the [cables of] bulls' hides, and let down the mast to its receptacle, lowering it by the main-stays. And they themselves got out upon the shore of the sea, and from the sea drew up the swift ship upon the mainland, high upon the sands, and by it stretched out the long props.<sup>86</sup> And they made an altar upon the shore of the sea, and kindling fire upon it, and sacrificing white wheat, they prayed as he bade them, standing by, around the altar. They then took repast near the swift dark ship, and made libations to the blessed gods, who possess Olympus. But when they had dismissed the desire of drink and food, they set out to go, and king Apollo, the son of Jove, led the way, having his lyre in his hands, playing wondrously, taking stately and lofty steps. But the Cretans, with reverential dread, followed [him] to Pytho, and chanted Io-Pæan, like as the Pæans of the Cretans, and [of them], into whose breasts the goddess Muse has implanted sweet-voiced song. And untired they reached the hill with their feet, and quickly reached Parnassus and the pleasant country, where he was about to dwell, honoured by many men. And leading [them] here, he pointed out his enclosed plain, and rich temple. But the mind in their breasts was aroused, and him the leader of the Cretans, questioning, addressed :

"O king, since thou hast led [us] far away from our friends and father-land, (for thus it somehow seemed good to thy mind,) how shall we now live—this we exhort thee to consider. This [country] is neither pleasant<sup>87</sup> in bearing vines,

<sup>85</sup> But Ilgen and Hermann elegantly read *ἀντίκ' ἄρ' ἀφνειὸς καὶ ἐπ.*

<sup>86</sup> Matthiæ reads *ὑπὸ δ' ἔρματα*. Hermann says, "videntur trabes vel lapides ab utraque parte navibus suppositi fuisse, ut naves sola carina, non latere arenam contingerent."

<sup>87</sup> But Hermann reads *ἦδε γ' ἐπὶ ῥάχῃς*, "adjacet jugum montis Parnassi, nec fragum neque herbarum ferax." This seems to me very unpoetical.

nor of good pasturage, so that from it we should be able both to live well, and to do service to men."

But them Apollo, the son of Jove, smiling, answered : "Infant-like men, of sad cares, who wish for anxiety, and grievous toils, and groans in your mind, I will tell you an easy word, and set it in your minds. Let each of you, having a cutlass in his right hand, always slay sheep, (but they shall be at hand in all abundance,) as many as the renowned tribes of men bring to me. And guard my temple, and receive the tribes of men assembled hither, and regulate my banquet, as to if there be any vain word or deed, or injury, as is the wont of mortal men.<sup>88</sup> And hereafter there will be other governors among you, under whose control ye will be restrained all your days."

All things are spoken unto thee, but do thou keep them in thy mind. And thou, indeed, hail ! O son of Jove and Latona, and I will be mindful of thee and of another song.<sup>89</sup>

## II. TO MERCURY.<sup>1</sup>

O MUSE, praise Mercury, the son of Jove and Maia, who rules over Cyllene, and sheep-abounding Arcadia, the bene-

<sup>88</sup> There is evidently something lost after this line, as Hermann well observes : "Excidit conditio, qua minabatur Apollo malum Cretensibus : nisi feceritis, quod jussi, duros nanciscemini dominos."

<sup>89</sup> Chapman :

"Both thee and others of th' immortal state,  
My song shall memorize to endless date."

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge, p. 292, observes that "in this hymn Hermes is gifted with the character of a perfect Spanish Picaro, a sort of Lazarillo de Tormes among the gods, stealing their goods, playing them tricks, and telling such enormous, such immortal lies, to screen himself from detection, that certainly no human thief could ever have the vanity to think of rivalling them on earth." On the importance of this hymn as showing the connexion between the rites and attributes of Apollo and Mercury with each other, see Grote, vol. i. p. 83. The remarks of Muller, who has called its antiquity into question, are important. "A considerably later age is indicated by the circumstance that the lyre or the cithara—for the poet treats these two instruments as identical, though distinguished in

ficial messenger of the immortals, whom Maia brought forth, a fair-tressed, hallowed nymph, mingled with Jove in love. And she shunned the company of the blessed gods, dwelling<sup>2</sup> within a shady cave, where the son of Saturn was mingled with the fair-tressed nymph in the depth of night, whilst sweet sleep held white-armed Juno,<sup>3</sup> unknown to the immortal gods and mortal men. But when now the counsel of mighty Jove was on the point of fulfilment, and to her the tenth month was now fixed<sup>4</sup> in the heaven, she led him into the light, and remarkable deeds were wrought, and she there brought forth her cunning son, of fair speech, a thief, a stealer of cattle, an escorter of dreams, a looker-out for night,<sup>5</sup> a gate-keeper, who was quickly about to show forth glorious deeds amongst the immortal gods. Born at dawn, he played the lyre at mid-day, in the evening he stole the cows of far-darting Apollo, on the fourth day of the month, on which his mother Maia gave him birth. Who also, when he had leaped from the immortal limbs of his mother, did not long remain lying in the sacred cradle,<sup>6</sup> but he indeed, leaping forth, sought the cows of Apollo, crossing the threshold of the high-roofed cave, where finding a tortoise, he acquired immense wealth. [Hermes indeed first devised the musical tortoise,]<sup>7</sup> which fell to his notice at the doors of the court, feeding on the well-grown grass before the house, walking slowly on its feet.

more precise language—is described as having been at the very first provided with seven strings; yet the words of Terpander are still extant in which he boasts of having introduced the seven-stringed cithara in the place of the four-stringed.” Hist. of Gk. Lit. vii. 5.

<sup>2</sup> But Valck. on Phœn. 727, justly finds fault with ἔσω being used for ἔνδον, and hence Hermann has well proposed ἄντρον ἔσω δύνουσα, comparing Od. xiii. 366, xi. 578.

<sup>3</sup> “Cum nympha concubuit, donec Juno dormiret.” Herm.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Arat. Phœn. 10, αὐτὸς γὰρ τάγε σήματ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξεν.

<sup>5</sup> Because adapted for thievish purposes. The thefts of Mercury are amusingly described by Lucian, Dial. Deor. vii. 2, 3, who observes οὕτως ὁξύχειρ ἐστὶ καθάπερ ἐν τῇ γαστρὶ ἐκμελετήσας τὴν κλεπτικὴν.

<sup>6</sup> “The basket in which the infant (Bacchus) is carried is of twigs interwoven, of that sort called λικνόν, used by the Greeks for the two purposes of winnowing corn and cradling children.” Libr. of Entertaining Knowledge, Townley Gallery, vol. i. p. 125, 126, to which I must refer the reader for some excellent information. See also Spanh. on Callim. in Jov. 48, Gesner on Orph. Hymn, xlvi. ed. Herm.

<sup>7</sup> A doubtful line.



But the beneficial son of Jove, beholding it, laughed, and straightway spoke thus:

"A very useful god-send<sup>8</sup> [art thou] for me now, I will not disdain thee. Hail! thou pleasant by nature, choir-resounding, companion of the feast, who hast luckily made thy appearance. Whence is this beautiful plaything? thou art the varied shell, the tortoise that dwells on the mountains. But I will take and bear thee to my dwelling; thou wilt be of some use to me, nor will I despise thee, but thou first shalt benefit me. It is better to be at home, since out-of-doors is hurtful.<sup>9</sup> For living, thou wilt certainly be a defence against the baleful attack, but if thou diest, thou wilt then sing very beautifully."

Thus then he spoke, and having taken [it] up in both hands, he straightway went back to his dwelling, bearing the pleasant plaything. Here having deceitfully scooped it out<sup>10</sup> with a scalpel of hoary steel, he extinguished the life of the mountain tortoise. And as when the swift thought passes through the breast of a man, whom frequent cares occupy, or when flashes<sup>11</sup> are rolled from the eyes, so at once, word and deed, did glorious Mercury devise. And cutting them in due measure, he fixed cut joints of reed, having pierced through

<sup>8</sup> i. e. an omen of a discovery that will prove useful. Shelley renders:

"A useful god-send are you to me now,  
King of the dance, companion of the feast,  
Lovely in all your nature!"

<sup>9</sup> Chapman: "'Tis best to be at home; harm lurks abroad."

<sup>10</sup> The word *ἀναπηλίσας* cannot be right. Barnes would read *ἀναπηδήσας*; Stephens, *ἀναπειρήνας* from vs. 48. Ernesti prefers *ἀναφής*: "deceptæ vitam scalpro exterebravit." Hermann reads *ἀναπιλίσας*, "constipans." I cannot decide. The following is Chapman's version:

"Where, giving to the mountain tortoise, vents  
Of life and motion, with fit instruments  
Forged of bright steel, he straight informed a lute.  
Put neck, and frets to it; of which a suit  
He made of splitted quills, in equal space  
Imposed upon the neck, and did embrace  
Both back and bosom."

<sup>11</sup> "Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye." Chapman.

"not swifter wheel  
The flashes of its torture and unrest,  
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son  
All that he did devise hath featly done." Shelley.

the back of the stone-shelled tortoise. And around by his own skill he stretched the hide of a bull, and put the arms, and upon both he fixed the bridge. And he stretched out seven concordant strings<sup>12</sup> of sheep. But when he had formed it, bearing his pleasant plaything, with a quill he tried it note by note, and it sounded deeply beneath his hands, and the god sang beautifully beneath it, making an extemporaneous attempt, like as full-grown boys at feasts scoff at each other in turn. [He sang] of Jove the son of Saturn, and fair-slippered Maia, how they were formerly wont to dally in stealthy love, and his own birth, naming his renowned name. And he celebrated the attendants and the glorious gifts of the nymph, and the tripods and durable caldrons in the house. And these things indeed he sang, but he thought of others in his mind, and putting down his hollow lyre, which he bore in the sacred cradle, he, in quest of meat, ran from the sweet-scented dwelling to the mountain, devising a mighty stratagem in his mind, such an one as thieves are wont to plan at the season of dark night. The sun indeed was setting beneath the earth towards the ocean, with his horses and chariot, but Mercury came running to the shady mountains of Pieria, where the immortal cattle of the blessed gods possessed their stalls, pasturing on pure, pleasant meadows. From the flock of them then the watchful son of Maia, the slayer of Argus, cut off fifty loud-lowing heifers, and drove them, wandering, through the sandy country, having reversed their footsteps,<sup>13</sup> for he was not forgetful of his cunning art, having bent contrariwise the fore hoofs, backwards, and the back ones, forwards. And he himself walked backwards, and immediately cast his sandals upon the sands of the sea. He devised an unmentioned and unthought-of marvellous work, mingling together tamarisks and tamarisk-like boughs, of them he then bound together a small bundle of leafy wood, and [thus]

<sup>12</sup> Literally, "intestines." But Antigonus Caryst. § 7, seems to quote *ἐπτά δὲ θηλυτέρων όίων ἐτ.*

<sup>13</sup> The same stratagem was afterwards pursued by Cacus. Virg. *Æn.* viii. 211.

"Atque hos, nequa forent pedibus vestigia rectis,  
Cauda in speluncam tractos, versisque viarum  
Indiciis raptos, saxo occultabat opaco,  
Quærentem nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant."

without harm<sup>14</sup> he bound the light sandals beneath his feet, leaves and all, which the renowned slayer of Argus had plucked, avoiding the way of a traveller<sup>15</sup> from Pieria, inasmuch as he was pressing on a long journey, roughly equipped.<sup>16</sup> But him an old man, who was tending a sun-basking vineyard, perceived seeking the field through grassy Onchestus. Him the son of glorious Maia first addressed:

“O old man, who with bent shoulders art grubbing these stumps, surely thou wilt have journeyed far, when all these things shall bear fruit.<sup>17</sup> But seeing, see not, and hearing, [be thou] mute, and keep silence, since nought of thine is hurt.”<sup>18</sup>

Having spoken thus much, he smote the stout heads of the cows, and glorious Mercury drove them through many shadowy mountains, and resounding ravines, and flowering plains. But gloomy divine night, his ally, had well nigh passed away, and morn, arousing the people to work, chanced to be arising; but the divine moon, the daughter of king Pallas, son of Megamedes, had just gone into her watch-tower.<sup>19</sup> Then to the river Alpheus the valiant son of Jove drove the wide-fronted cows of Phœbus Apollo, and untired he came into the lofty stall, and to the troughs in front of the beautiful meadow.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. without the likelihood of being discovered. This is well expressed by Chapman:

“and then fear’d no eyes  
That could affect his feet’s discoveries.”

<sup>15</sup> “Mercurius cavisse dicitur, ne pedibus ut viator ingrederetur, et ita vestigia pedum relinqueret.” Herm.

<sup>16</sup> “Ut in procinctu.” Ernesti. Hermann would read ἀντιπορήσων.

<sup>17</sup> After vs. 91, Hermann puts a mark of lacuna, reading πολυοινήσεις, “thou wilt reap a rich vintage, when all these bear fruit.”

<sup>18</sup> The sense seems to require, “lest aught of thine be injured.” But Chapman has well rendered:

“But see not thou, whatever thou dost see;  
Nor hear, though hear; but all, as touching me,  
Conceal, since nought it can endamage thee.”

This old man was Battus. See Ovid, Met. ii. fab. 7, and Antoninus Liberalis, § 23.

<sup>19</sup> Chapman:

“and in her watch-tower shone  
King Pallas-Megamede’s seed (the moon).”

The passage is not very satisfactory as regards mythology. See Barnes.

Here when he had well fed the loud-lowing cows with grass, and had driven them together in flocks into the shed, having cropped the lotus and dewy rush-grass, he then brought together much wood, and sought out the art of [producing] fire,<sup>20</sup> having taken a splendid branch of laurel, he pared it with the steel, having rubbed it in his hand, and upwards the warm vapour breathed<sup>21</sup> forth. Mercury then first bestowed fire-implements and fire. And having taken together many dry faggots, he placed them abundantly in a low trench, and the flame shone forth, sending afar the crackling<sup>22</sup> of a much-burning fire. But whilst the might of glorious Vulcan was kindling, he meantime drew two lowing heifers with crumple horns out of doors, near to the fire, for mighty was his power. But he threw them both panting to the ground, on their backs, and he rolled them over and over, bending down, and boring out their lives. And he wrought toil upon toil,<sup>23</sup> cutting their flesh together with the rich fat, and he roasted it, being pierced through with the wooden spits, both the flesh and the well-prized backs, and the black blood kept within the intestines, but they lay there upon the ground. And he stretched out the skins upon a rough rock. † So do we<sup>24</sup> still cut up those which have been born for a long time, a long and incalculable time after this.† But then rejoicing Mercury drew off the fat spoils upon a smooth plane, and cut them into twelve parts, distributed by lot, and he offered the perfect honour to each [of the twelve gods]. Here glorious Mercury longed for the

<sup>20</sup> But Hermann reads *τέχνην*, illustrating the construction of *μαίομαι* with a genitive, from Il. x. 401. Od. v. 344.

<sup>21</sup> Ernesti prefers *τάχα ἄμπνυτο*.

<sup>22</sup> For which the laurel (vs. 109) was remarkable. Cf. Virg. Ecl. viii. 82. Nemesian. Ecl. iv. 65.

<sup>23</sup> Cf. Theocrit. Id. xv. 20, *πέντε πόκως ἔλαβ' ἔχθεις, ἅπαν ῥύπος, ἔργον ἐπ' ἔργῳ*.

<sup>24</sup> “And thus were these now all in pieces shred,  
And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd:  
Though born for long date, and to heaven endear'd;  
And now must ever live in dead event.” Chapman.

I am but half satisfied respecting these two lines, nor does Hermann seem quite settled as to their correction. His text has *τάμετ' ἄσσα πολυχρόνιοι*, but in the notes he proposes *τάνυθ' ἄσσα πολυχρόνια π.*, giving the following explanation of *ἄκριτον*, “quemadmodum nunc quoque, multo post, tenduntur, quæ natura ad diuturnitatem, facta sunt.”

sacrifice of flesh,<sup>25</sup> for the savour now struck<sup>26</sup> him, although being immortal, but not even thus did his noble mind give way, although greatly longing to convey [the banquet] down his sacred throat! But these indeed he placed in the lofty shed, the fat and abundant flesh. And he forthwith piled them aloft, as a sign of the recent slaughter,<sup>28</sup> and having raised dry faggots upon them, he consumed the whole feet and heads in the vapour of fire. But when the gods had accomplished all things rightly, he cast his sandals into eddying Alpheus, and throughout the night he quenched the coals, and trampled them to black dust; but beauteous shone the light of the moon. But he again came forthwith to the divine heights of Cyllene, at dawn, nor did any one meet him during the long journey, neither of the blessed gods, nor of mortal men, nor did the dogs bark. But Mercury, the beneficial [son] of Jove, bending himself up, slipped through the key-hole of the house, like unto an autumnal breeze, like unto a vapour. And he came straight through the rich temple of the cave, stepping onwards on tip-toe, for he made no noise, as if [he were walking] on the earth. And glorious Mercury came hastily to his cradle, having wrapped his swaddling-clothes around his shoulders, like an infant child, playing with the coverlet with his [right] hand on his knees, and holding his beloved lyre in the left. But god as he was, he escaped not the notice of his goddess mother, and she spake thus:

“Why, whence comest thou hither, O cunning plotter, at this time of night, clad in impudence? Now I think that thou, having fetters round thy sides, from which there is no escape, wilt shortly pass from the vestibule under the hands of Apollo, or that thou wilt elude him even while holding thee in his arms. Away with thee! a great care hath thy sire begotten thee to mortal men and immortal gods.”

But her Mercury answered with cunning words: “Mother<sup>28</sup>

<sup>25</sup> i. e. he was first possessed with the desire of being honoured, as a god, with sacred rites.

<sup>26</sup> Ernesti well compares Sueton. Claud. 33, “nidore prandii ictus.”

<sup>27</sup> Hermann prefers *σῆμα νέης φωρῆς*, and *ἄγειρας*, (with Ilgen,) i. e. “raising them up as a trophy of his first theft.” The old reading was *νέης φανῆς*, altered to *νεοσφαιγῆς* by Ruhnken. Hermann seems right.

<sup>28</sup>

“‘Dear mother,’

Replied sly Hermes, ‘wherefore scold and bother?

As if I were like other babes as old,

mine, why dost thou scold me like an infant child, who knows very few fitting things in his mind, timid, and [who] dreads his mother's scoldings. But I will make use of a scheme, which is most excellent, considering for myself and thee. Nor among the immortal gods will we endure to remain here giftless, and without food, as you would have. It is better to associate with the immortals all one's days, being rich, opulent, with abundant spoil, than to sit at home in a shadowy cave. I also will aim at the sacred honour which Apollo [claims]. But if indeed my father will not give it, surely I will make the attempt, [and] I am equal to being the captain of thieves. But if the son of glorious Latona shall trace me out, I think that I shall make some other and greater attempt against him. For I will go to Pytho, in order to break into his great dwelling, where I will pillage enough of beauteous tripods, and caldrons, and gold, and enough of shining iron, and much apparel; and thou mayest see me if thou wilt."

Thus they indeed discoursed with each other in words, both the son of Ægis-bearing Jove, and hallowed Maia. But Morn, the mother of dawn, bearing light to mortals, arose from the deep-flowing ocean. But Apollo came to Onchestus, going to the pleasant and pure grove of the heavy-roaring Earth-Shaker, where he found the toothless<sup>29</sup> old man forming the hedge of his vineyard along the wayside, whom first the son of glorious Latona addressed:

"O old man, hedge-pruner of grassy Onchestus, I come hither, seeking heifers from Pieria, all females, all with crumpled horns, [stolen] from my herd, but the black bull was pasturing alone, away from the rest, and four savage dogs followed in the rear, like men of one mind. They indeed, the dogs and the bull, were left, (which indeed is a great marvel,) but they [the heifers] have left the soft meadow, just as the sun was setting, from the sweet pasture. Concerning these tell me, O ancient-born old man, if any where thou hast seen a man making his way to these cattle."

But him the old man, answering in words, addressed: "O friend, it is difficult indeed to tell all things which one has

And understood nothing of what is what;  
And cared at all to hear my mother scold.'" Shelley.

<sup>29</sup> I cannot see any objection to this epithet. Hermann would read *νωχालος*, i. e. *ράθυμος*, *χαῦνος*.



beheld with one's eyes; for many travellers make their way, of whom some having many evil designs, but others very good, go along; but it is difficult to learn each one. But throughout the whole day till sun-set I have been digging around the hill of the vineyard; but, O best one, I thought I saw—but I know not how to distinguish clearly—a boy, which infant boy was following with fair-horned cows. And he had a staff, and walked in a wavering manner, and urged them from behind, and kept their heads opposite to himself.”

The old man spake, and Phœbus Apollo went quicker on his way. But he saw [the truth like as] a wing-stretching bird of augury, and forthwith perceived that the thief was the son of Saturnian Jove. But the son of Jove, Apollo, quickly entered divine Pylos, seeking the bent-footed heifers, having concealed his broad shoulders in a purple mist. And the Far-Darter perceived the footprints, and spake thus:

“O gods! surely I behold this a mighty marvel with mine eyes. These indeed are the footsteps of straight-horned heifers, but they are turned backwards towards the meadow of asphodel. And these are the steps neither of man nor woman, nor of hoary wolves, nor bears, nor lions, nor are they like [those] of a shaggy-necked centaur, whoever walks thus terribly with his swift feet, heavily on this side of the way, and heavier on that side of the way.”<sup>30</sup>

Thus having spoken, king Apollo, the son of Jove, went on, and came to the wood-clad mountain of Cyllene, into the heavy-shaded lair of the rock, where also the immortal nymph brought forth the son of Saturnian Jove. But a pleasant savour was scattered through the divine mountain, and many long-footed sheep were browsing on the grass. Here then hastening, far-darting holy<sup>31</sup> Apollo descended the stony ground, into the murky cave. But when the son of Jove and Maia perceived him, far-darting Apollo, enraged about his heifers, he got within his incense-scented swaddling-clothes, like as the cinder of wood<sup>32</sup> has enveloped much ash of boughs, so did

<sup>30</sup> Ernesti well observes that this repetition is dramatic, the speaker being supposed to point with his hand to each side of the road as he walks along.

<sup>31</sup> For *αὐτός* Hermann elegantly reads *ἀγνός* 'Ἀπόλλων.

<sup>32</sup> I have some doubts whether *ῥλης* should be joined with *πρέμνων* or with *σποδός*.

Mercury, perceiving the Far-Darter, draw himself away.<sup>33</sup> And in a small place he gathered up his head, and hands, and feet, because just washed, seeking sweet sleep after hunting, and he held the new-formed<sup>34</sup> lyre under his shoulder. But the son of Jove and Latona recognised, nor failed to perceive the all-beauteous mountain nymph and her dear son, a little boy, swathed up in crafty tricks. And having looked around every cranny of the large dwelling, taking a shining key, he opened three recesses full of nectar and delightful ambrosia. And much gold and silver lay within, and many purple and white-woven garments of the nymph, such as the sacred dwellings of the blessed gods contain within. Here after the son of Latona had searched out the crannies of the large dwelling, he addressed glorious Mercury in words :

“O boy, who reclinest in a cradle, at once tell me where my bulls are, since we shall otherwise quarrel not fittingly. For I will hurl thee into murky Tartarus, into sorrowful and inextricable darkness; nor shall thy mother nor thy sire bring thee forth into the light, but beneath the earth shalt thou perish, acting as leader<sup>35</sup> over a few men.”

But him Mercury answered with crafty words: “O son<sup>36</sup> of Latona, what hard word is this thou hast said? And why

<sup>33</sup> *Quasi se sibi subtraxit, se fugit,*” Ernesti. Hermann, however, more rightly reads *ἀλέεινε, ἔαυτὸν*.

<sup>34</sup> But Herm. reads *ἐγρήσσων ἑτερόν γε χέλυν δ’ ὕπ*.

<sup>35</sup> Matthiæ, however, reads *ἡπεροπεύων*, and Hermann *δολίοισιν ἐν ἀνδρ*, which produces an amusing meaning.

<sup>36</sup> I cannot refrain from quoting Shelley’s eloquent paraphrase :

“Son

Of great Latona, what a speech is this!  
Why come you here to ask me what is done  
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?  
I have not seen them, nor from any one  
Have heard a word of the whole business;  
If you should promise an immense reward,  
I could not tell you more than you now have heard.  
An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,  
And I am but a little new-born thing,  
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong:—  
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling  
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—  
Or half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,  
And to be wash’d in water clean and warm,  
And hush’d, and kiss’d, and kept secure from harm.’

comest thou hither, seeking field-dwelling heifers? I have not seen [them], nor learnt [about them], nor heard report from another. I cannot tell, I could not receive a reward for intelligence. Nor am I [myself] like unto a driver away of cows, a strong man. This is not a work for [such as] me, and hitherto other things have been my care. Sleep, and my mother's milk are my care, and to wear swaddling-clothes about my shoulders, and a warm bath. Let no one learn this, whence this quarrel has arisen. For truly it would be a mighty marvel among the immortals, that a boy just born should pass through the vestibule with field-dwelling heifers. And this thou speakest not becomingly. I was born [but] yesterday, and my feet are tender, but the ground beneath is rugged. But if thou wilt, I will swear by the head of my sire, a mighty oath, neither do I myself confess to be guilty, nor have I perceived any one else the stealer of your cattle, whoever these heifers be, for I have heard the report only."

Thus then he spake, and winking frequently from his eyelids, he rapidly moved with his brows, glancing hither and thither, whistling to a long distance, as though hearing a vain story.<sup>37</sup> But him far-darting Apollo, gently smiling, addressed:

"O soft young cheat, deviser of tricks, truly I deem that thou, often breaking into well-built dwellings, wilt by night leave not one man only bare upon the ground,<sup>38</sup> filching noiselessly throughout the house; such things dost thou say. But many field-dwelling<sup>39</sup> shepherds wilt thou annoy in the ravines of a mountain, when, longing for flesh, thou shalt meet with herds of cows and flocks of sheep. But come, [take heed] lest thou enjoy thy last and final sleep, come out of thy cradle, thou comrade of black night. For this honour shalt thou hereafter possess among the immortals, thou shalt be called the captain of thieves all thy days."

Thus then he spake, and Phœbus Apollo took up and carried the boy, but then the brave slayer of Argus, taking counsel, as he was lifted up in his arms, sent forth an augury into

<sup>37</sup> Hermann reads ἄλιον τὸν μύθον from Il. v. 715, "As if he idle thought Apollo's spell." Chapman.

<sup>38</sup> A proverbial phrase, like ἀκράτιστον ἐπὶ ξηροῖσι καθίζοι in Theocrit. i. 51.

<sup>39</sup> See my note on Il.

his hands, a sad report from his belly, an impudent messenger. And quickly after it he sneezed.<sup>40</sup> But Apollo heard it, and cast glorious Mercury from his hands upon the ground. (But he<sup>41</sup> sat down before [him], although hastening on his way,) reproaching Mercury, and addressed him in words:

“Be of good courage, thou enswaddled son of Jove and Maia; I will hereafter find my stout heads of heifers by these omens, but well shalt thou hereafter be leader of the way.”

Thus he spake, but Cyllenian Mercury again leaped up quickly, going in haste. But with his hands he pulled the swaddlings, with which he was enwrapped<sup>42</sup> as to his shoulders, around his ears also, and spoke thus:

“Whether bearest thou me, O Far-Darter, most powerful of all the gods? Surely thou art thus teasing<sup>43</sup> me, enraged on account of these heifers. O gods! may the race of cows perish! For I did not steal your cows, nor saw I another, whoever these cows are, for I hear the report alone. But give and receive<sup>44</sup> justice<sup>45</sup> in presence of Saturnian Jove.”

But after vagrant Mercury and the glorious son of Latona had said these things openly, having their mind in different ways, for the latter indeed demanded a true confession,<sup>46</sup> not satisfaction for the cows, from renowned Mercury, but he of Cyllene by wiles and cunning speeches wished to deceive him of the silver bow. But when he, being cunning in counsel, met with one of many devices, then quickly he walked through the sand before, but the son of Jove at Latona behind. And soon they came to the heights of incense-fraught Olympus, to the Saturnian sire, they the beauteous children of Jove, (for

<sup>40</sup> See Hermann's explanation of these amusing omens.

<sup>41</sup> Mercury. I have put the line in an enclosure. Cf. vs. 304.

<sup>42</sup> Hermann reads *ἐελέμενος* from cod. Moscov, observing, “quo expeditor incederet Mercurius, fascias, quibus humeri erant constricti, sursum versus aures trudebat.”

<sup>43</sup> See Blomf. gloss. on *Æsch.* Pers. 10.

<sup>44</sup> See Ernesti.

<sup>45</sup>

“as for Phœbus, he  
Sought not revenge; but only information,  
And Hermes tried with lies and roguery  
To cheat Apollo.—But when no evasion  
Served—for the cunning one his match had found—  
He paced on first over the sandy ground.” Shelley.

<sup>46</sup> But Hermann more correctly reads *φωνεῖν*, “jure,” inquit, “Apollo comprehenderat propter boves Mercurium, is ut vera diceret.” I am not satisfied with the text as it stands.

there the balance of justice lay for both.) And music<sup>47</sup> possessed snowy Olympus, and the undying<sup>48</sup> immortals were assembled into the recesses of Olympus. But Mercury and silver-bowed Apollo stood before the knees of Jove. But high-thundering Jove questioned his glorious son, and addressed him in words:

“O Phœbus, whence drivest thou this gentle prey, a newborn boy, possessing the mien of a herald? This is an important subject which has come to the assembly of the gods.”

But him the far-darting king Apollo in turn addressed:

“O sire, soon indeed shalt thou hear no trivial story, rebuking me [as thou art wont], as if I alone were a lover of plunder. I have caught this boy, an open thief, on the mountains of Cyllene,—having passed over much country,—an abusive fellow, such another as I have not seen among gods nor men, as many as are cheats upon earth. But having stolen my cows from the meadow, he at even-tide went away, driving them along the coast of the much-resounding sea, and driving straight to the ford, but there are mighty double footsteps, such as to cause astonishment, and the work of an illustrious deity. For the dark dust appeared to have the footprints of the cows turned towards the asphodel meadow [whence they came]. But this fellow alone, besides [them],<sup>49</sup> is incomprehensible, for he came through the sandy country neither on his feet nor his hands, but having some other stratagem, he passed on his way. Such marvels [were his footsteps], as though some one should walk in slender oak-toppings.<sup>50</sup> As long, then, as he passed through the sandy country, all his footsteps were easily extinguishable in the dust; but when he had passed over the great tract of sand, forthwith the track of the bulls, and of himself, became imperceptible, through the hardness of the soil, but a mortal man perceived him driving the race of wide-fronted cows on to Pylos. But after he had sacrificed them in quiet, and had

<sup>47</sup> I read *ἐμμελίη*, “music,” as in Diodor. iv. 84, or rather *ἐμμελίη*, from Pollux, iv. 57. Plato, legg. vii. 816. Herm.

<sup>48</sup> A somewhat useless pleonasm, which Groddeck and Hermann remove by reading *ἀθρόοι*, “together.”

<sup>49</sup> I have my doubts about *ἐκτός*, which Ruhnken elegantly corrected to *ἔξοχ' ἀμήχανος*. But see Hermann's note.

<sup>50</sup> On account of the buskins which Mercury had platted for himself. Cf. vss. 80, sqq.

scattered the [ashes of the] fire<sup>51</sup> all about the way, some here, some there, he lay in his cradle, like unto black night, in the darkness of the murky cave; nor would even a sharp-seeing eagle have perceived him, and much he rubbed his eyes with his hands, thinking of wiles. But he himself spoke out a speech at once: I did not see, I learnt not, I heard not report from another, nor could I tell, not even if I received a price for intelligence."

Thus then<sup>52</sup> speaking, Phœbus Apollo sat down. But Mercury, on the other side, making answer, spoke, and directed [his discourse] to the Saturnian ruler over all the gods:

"O father Jove, surely I will tell thee the truth. For I am unerring, and know not how to lie. [This gód] came to our dwelling, seeking his bent-footed cows, this day, when the sun had just arisen, nor did he bring any witnesses or beholders from among the blessed gods, but under much compulsion bade me give information. And much he threatened me, that he would hurl me into wide Tartarus, because he, forsooth, possesses the flower of glory-loving youth, but I was born [but] yesterday, (but this he himself also knows,) nor [am] I like to a strong driver away of cows. Be persuaded (for truly thou boastest to be my dear father) that I did not drive the cows home, (so may I be blest!) nor went I across the threshold. But this I spake truly; I both venerate the sun and the other gods, and I love thee, and cherish this one; thou also thyself knowest that I am not guilty. But I add<sup>53</sup> a mighty oath. No, by these well-adorned vestibules of the gods, [I did not do it,] and at some time I will repay him for his cruel speech.<sup>54</sup> But do thou aid the younger party."

Thus spake Argus-slaying Cyllenius, winking, and he held his swaddling-band on his arm, nor did he cast it away. But

<sup>51</sup> So Ernesti. But the cod. Mosc. gives *πῦρ παλάμῃσεν*, whence Ilgen and Hermann read *πυρπαλάμῃσεν*, "quum multa hic illic in via callide machinatus esset."

<sup>52</sup> Barnes wished to read *ἦτοι ὃγ'* from Il. i. 67, but as Hermann observes, this is rendered unnecessary by the immediate mention of Apollo by name.

<sup>53</sup> This meaning of *ἐπιδαίωμα*, although approved by Ernesti, is very uncertain. Barnes reads *ἐπιώσωμαι*, with the approbation of Hermann. Cf. Eustath. on Il. x. 254, and Hesych. t. i. p. 1350.

<sup>54</sup> But Hermann reads *φώρην* from cod. Mosc.



Jove laughed greatly, seeing the evil-plotting boy lying well and skilfully about the heifers. And he ordered them both, having a concordant mind, to go in search, and messenger Mercury to lead the way, and to show the place with innocence of mind, where he had hidden the stout heads of cattle. And the son of Saturn beckoned [to him] with a nod, and glorious Mercury obeyed, for the mind of Ægis-bearing Jove easily persuaded. And these two beauteous children of Jove hastened to sandy Pylos, to the ford<sup>55</sup> of Alpheus, and they reached the fields and lofty shed, where wealth, forsooth, was increased during night-time. Here then Mercury, indeed, going to<sup>56</sup> the stone cave, drove the strong heads of cattle into the light, and the son of Latona looking aside, perceived the skins of the cows upon a lofty rock, and quickly he asked glorious Mercury:

“How wast thou able, O cunning cheat, to cut the throats of two cows, being thus new-born and infantine? I myself shall hereafter dread<sup>57</sup> thy power. It does not behove thee to grow very much, O Cyllenian son of Maia.”

Thus then he spoke, and with his hands he threw around him strong bands of withy, but they beneath his feet were forthwith fastened<sup>58</sup> upon the earth, although strongly entwined in each other, and [the same thing took place] easily with all the field-dwelling cows, by the devices of deceitful Mercury, but Apollo, beholding, marvelled. But then the strong slayer of Argus kept looking about the place, frequently darting his eyes, desiring to hide himself. But he very easily appeased the far-darting son of glorious Latona, as he himself wished, although being valiant. But taking [his lyre] in his left hand,<sup>59</sup> he tried it with the quill, note by note, and it uttered a powerful sound beneath his hand; and Phœbus Apollo laughed, rejoicing, and the pleasing voice of the divine song penetrated through his soul, and sweet love possessed him in

<sup>55</sup> I read ἐς Πύλον ἡμαθόεντα, ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῦ, with Herm.

<sup>56</sup> I prefer ἐς λαῖνον ἄντρον, with cod. Mosc.

<sup>57</sup> Hermann has conjecturally restored the almost obsolete verb θαμβάινω, found also in one MS. of the hymn to Venus, vs. 84.

<sup>58</sup> Hermann defends φύοντο, which Bernard Martin had changed to λύνοντο, but in vs. 412 he would read ῥεῖ' ἄγροι πάσχησιν, which he thus explains: “Apollo bobus injecit, vincula viminea, illa autem ita, ut contorta erant, in omnibus bobus statim sub eorum pedibus solo inhæserunt.”

<sup>59</sup> Hermann with reason supposes there is a lacuna after vs. 418.

his mind as he heard it.<sup>60</sup> And the son of Maia, playing pleasantly on the lyre, stood boldly at the the left hand of Phœbus Apollo. And soon after, playing clearly on the lyre, he sang with uplifted voice, (for a pleasing voice accompanied him,) celebrating<sup>61</sup> the immortal gods, and the murky earth, how they were first born, and how each obtained his share by lot. Mnemosyne indeed, the mother of the Muses, he honoured first of the goddesses in song, for she had obtained the son of Maia, and the glorious son of Jove honoured the other immortal gods according to age, and as each had been born, speaking all things in order, striking the lyre in his arms. But insatiable sweetness possessed the mind in his breast, and having addressed him, he spoke winged words:

“Cow-slayer, crafty-plotter, labouring<sup>62</sup> comrade of the feast, thou hast devised these things worth fifty cows. I think that our strife will now be easily settled. But come now, tell me this, O cunning son of Maia; did these marvellous works accompany thee from thy birth, or did some one of the immortals, or of mortal man, bestow the glorious gift, and teach divine song. For I hear this wondrous new voice, which I say that no one ever learnt, neither of men, nor of the immortals who possess the Olympian dwellings, save thee, O thief, son of Jove and Maia. What art, what muse, what study [is there which assuages] difficult cares? for truly all these three are present at once, so that one may take joy, and love, and sweet sleep. And truly I am a follower of the Olympian Muses, to whom the quire and the glorious path<sup>63</sup> of song are a care, and flourishing song, and the pleasant noise of pipes. But never yet was any other thing thus a care<sup>64</sup> in my mind, such performances as are suited to the banquet of youths. I marvel at these, O son of Jove, so pleasantly dost thou play. But now since, although being little, thou knowest glorious arts, sit down, dear one, and praise the discourse

<sup>60</sup> The verse *θεσπεσίης ἐνοπῆς, καὶ μιν γλυκὺς ἡμερος ἦρει*, is added from cod. Mosc.

<sup>61</sup> *Κραίωνων* cannot have this meaning, and Hermann seems rightly to read *κλείων*. For *ἀμβολάδην*, Ernesti compares the Latin “*sublata voce*.”

<sup>62</sup> I have removed the comma after *πονέυμενε*.

<sup>63</sup> The cod. Mosc. has *ὕμνος ἀοιδῆς*.

<sup>64</sup> Hermann, from the vestiges of cod. Mosc., reads *ἀλλ’ οὐπω τί μοι ἄλλο μετὰ φρεσὶν ὥδε μέλησιν*, which I have followed.

of thine elders, for now glory shall be thine among the immortal gods,<sup>65</sup> both to thyself and to thy mother. But I will tell this truly: yea by this cornel javelin, I will lead thee among the immortals, glorious and prosperous, and will give thee splendid gifts, and in the fulfilment [of my promise]<sup>66</sup> will not deceive thee."

But him Mercury answered with cunning words: "Thou askest me wisely, O Far-Darter; but I envy not that thou shouldst make an attempt at my art. This day shalt thou know; but I wish to be gentle towards thee in counsel and in words, but thou in thy mind well knowest all things. For thou, O son of Jove, sittest first among the immortals, both noble and valiant; and counselling Jove loves thee in all justice, and has given thee glorious gifts. And they say that thou hast learnt thy prerogative<sup>67</sup> from the voice of Jove, and oracles, O Far-Darter, from Jove, all things fated. And now I myself recognise [his] wealthy<sup>68</sup> son. But 'tis thine promptly to learn whatever thou desirest. And since then thy mind desires to touch the lyre, sing, and strike the lyre, and practise delights, having received [the power] from me, and do you, my friend, render me glory. Chant, having this sweet-voiced comrade in thy hands, which skilfully knows<sup>69</sup> how to sound well and in due order. Then quietly bear joy<sup>70</sup> to the pleasant banquet, and the delightful dance, and the laughter-loving<sup>71</sup> revel, both by night and day. Whoever indeed, being well learned in art and wisdom, shall inquire of it, uttering, it teaches all pleasant things to the mind, sporting easily in gentle intercourse,<sup>72</sup> avoiding grievous toil. But whoever, being unskilful, first inquires violently [of it], vainly afterwards babbles vain things. But 'tis thine promptly to learn

<sup>65</sup> These two verses are from cod. Mosc. See Herm.

<sup>66</sup> "Nec, quod ad effectiorem promissorum attinet, te fallam." Herm.

<sup>67</sup> On this meaning of *τιμάς* see Monk on Eur. Alcest. 30. But Martin places the stop after *τίμας*, which Hermann follows, reading *σὲ δὲ φάσι*. This certainly gets rid of much harshness. On the oracles received by Apollo from Jove, see Broukhuis. on Tibull. iii. 4, 47.

<sup>68</sup> Although the wealth of the Delphian temple may account for this epithet, still there is much greater aptitude and elegance in Hermann's reading, *πανομφαῖον*.

<sup>69</sup> Read *ἐπισταμένην*, with Barnes.

<sup>70</sup> Join *φέρειν* with *εὐφροσύνην*.

<sup>71</sup> *φιλομείδεια*, Cod. Par. B. C. Ruhnck. Herm.

<sup>72</sup> But see Hermann.

whatever thou desirest. And I will give this to thee, O glorious son of Jove. But we in turn, O Far-Darter, will attend to the pasturage of the field-dwelling cows both through the mountain and the horse-pasturing plain. Hence will our cows, mingling with the bulls, bring forth enough, both females and males promiscuously, nor need thou, although fond of gain, be very wrathfully angered."

Thus speaking, he stretched forth [the lyre], and Phœbus Apollo received it, and to Mercury he intrusted his shining goad, and committed [to him] the care of the herds. But the son of Maia received it joyfully. Then the glorious son of Maia, far-darting Apollo, taking the lyre in his left hand, tried it with the quill note by note, and it gave a clear sound beneath his hand,<sup>73</sup> and to it the god sang beautifully. Here they twain indeed turned the cows<sup>74</sup> towards the divine meadow, but the beauteous descendants of Jove themselves went back towards snowy Olympus, delighted with the lyre, and counselling Jove rejoiced, and brought both of them together into friendship. And Mercury indeed loved the son of Latona thoroughly, as [he] now also [loves him],<sup>75</sup> as a pledge then [Mercury] gave the pleasant lyre to the Far-Darter, but he, having learnt it,<sup>76</sup> played on it under his arm. And he himself in turn contrived a trick of another kind of skill: he made the far-sounding voice of the syrinx. And then the son of Latona addressed Mercury in words:

"I fear, O son of Mercury, cunning-plotting messenger, lest thou rob<sup>77</sup> me of my lyre and bent bow. For thou hast the prerogative from Jove, to arrange all craft among men throughout the bounteous earth. But if thou wilt endure to swear me the mighty oath of the gods, either nodding with thy head or [swearing] by<sup>78</sup> the dreadful water of the Styx, that thou wilt do<sup>79</sup> all that is joyful and pleasant to my mind—"

<sup>73</sup> Hermann reads *ἡ δ' ὑπο νέρθεν*.

<sup>74</sup> *βόας* cod. Mosc. for *βόες*.

<sup>75</sup> This is very tame and trivial. Hermann ingeniously reads *διαμπερές ἐξέτι κείνου*, referring to Apollon. Rh. ii. 782, iv. 430. Il. ix. 106. Od. viii. 245. Cf. Hesych. t. i. p. 1288.

<sup>76</sup> But the old editions join *ἡμερτήν δεδαώς, ὃ δ' ὑπ.*, which Hermann follows.

<sup>77</sup> The cod. Mosc. reads *ἄμα κλέψης*.

<sup>78</sup> For *ἡ ἐπι* Hermann reads *ἡἐ*.

<sup>79</sup> Read *ἔρδεν* with Hermann, and for the want of apodosis compare hymn, Apoll. 79.

And then the son of Maia assented, promising that he would never steal any thing that the Far-Darter possessed, nor ever approach his well-built dwelling. But Apollo, the son of Latona, assented to agreement and friendship, that no other descendant of Jove, neither god nor man, should be dearer [to him] among the immortals. "But, [said he,] I will make a perfect pledge<sup>80</sup> among the immortals, and among all,<sup>81</sup> faithful and precious to my soul. But then I will give [thee] a most beauteous rod of wealth and riches, of gold, of three leaves, perfect, which shall protect thee, having power over all the gods,<sup>82</sup> in all good words and deeds, as many as I profess to have learnt from the voice of Jove. But the divination after which thou seekest, O best one, it is not lawful for thee, nor any other of the immortals, to understand; for this the mind of Jove [alone] kens; and when I was intrusted with the gift, I assented, and swore a mighty oath, that no other of the ever-existing gods, but me, should know the deep-counselling will of Jove. Nor do thou, O brother with the golden wand, bid me proclaim the destinies, as many as far-seeing Jove devises. But I will hurt one man, and benefit another, going about many tribes of mighty men. And he indeed shall be benefited by my voices, whoever shall come with the voice and wings of perfect birds.<sup>83</sup> He shall be benefited by my voice, nor will I deceive [him].<sup>84</sup> But he who, relying on vain-speaking birds, shall wish to learn an oracle contrary to my mind, and to understand more than the gods who are for aye, he, I say, shall go a vain journey, but I will receive his gifts nevertheless.<sup>85</sup> But I tell thee another thing, O son of the gods Maia and Ægis-bearing Jove, thou beneficial deity. There are a certain three Thrians,<sup>86</sup> virgin sisters born, ex-

<sup>80</sup> i. e. a pledge that shall be ratified.

<sup>81</sup> I am scarcely satisfied respecting this passage.

<sup>82</sup> Here the reading is manifestly absurd. Hermann well reads *ἐπι-κραίνουσ' οἶμους ἐπέων κ. τ. λ.*

<sup>83</sup> Understand *πιθήσας* from vs. 542.

<sup>84</sup> This line is, with reason, condemned by Ernesti.

<sup>85</sup> "That man shall sea-ways tread that leave no tracts,  
And false, and no guide find for all his facts.

And yet will I his gifts accept as well  
As his to whom the simple truth I tell."

Chapman.

<sup>86</sup> I have adopted this masterly restitution of Hermann's, in lieu of the common reading *Μοῖραι*, and cod. Mosc. *σεμναί*. He refers to Apollodor.

ulting in their swift pinions, and with their heads strewed with hoary wheat, who dwell in habitations beneath the dell of Parnassus, teachers of prophecy [dwelling] apart, which, while a boy with the herds, I studied, but my father cared not. From thence, then, flying each in different ways, they feed on honey, and bring all things to pass. But when indeed they wander about, feeding on the fresh honey, they are willing to tell the truth promptly. But if they are deprived of the sweet food of the gods, they then endeavour to lead one out of the way. These will I afterwards give to thee, but do thou, accurately inquiring, delight thy own mind; †and if thou knowest a mortal man, often will he hear thy voice, if he chance.†<sup>87</sup> Possess this, O son of Maia, and attend to the field-dwelling crumpled-horn cows, and the horses, and hard-toiling mules: and that thou, glorious Mercury, shalt rule over dreadful lions, and white-tusked boars, and dogs, and sheep, and over all cattle, as many as the wide earth nourishes, and that thou alone shalt be the perfect messenger into Hades, and, although not a giver, shalt give not the least of gifts."

Thus did king Apollo cherish the son of Maia with all manner of affection, but Saturnian [Jove] gave good will. And he associates with all mortals and immortals; little, indeed, does he benefit, but countlessly deceives the tribes of mortal man through the gloomy night. And do thou then hail! O son of Jove and Maia, but I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

iii. 10, 2. Zenob. Prov. Cent. v. 75. Etym. Magn. p. 455, 34. Schol. Calim. in Apoll. 45. Compare Hesych. t. i. p. 1732, *θραίαι αἱ προμάντιες* (so Berkel. on Steph. s. v. *θρία*). See Pinedo on Steph. Byz. p. 340.

<sup>87</sup> Of this line I can make nothing, and Ernesti has come to the same conclusion, observing, "sensus videtur requirere: si mortales juveris sc. prædictionibus tuis, tum utique sæpe te consulent."



III. TO VENUS.<sup>1</sup>

SING to me, O Muse, the deeds of golden Cyprian Venus, who both has excited sweet love among the gods, and has subdued the tribes of mortal men, and the heaven-descended birds, and all beasts, as many indeed as the mainland, and as many as the sea<sup>2</sup> cherish in great numbers. But to all of them the occupations of elegantly-crowned Cytherea are a care. But three minds she is unable to persuade or deceive, [namely] the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, dark-eyed Minerva; for her the occupations of golden Venus delight not, but wars and the deeds of Mars please her, and conflicts, and battles, and to practise renowned deeds. He first taught mortal<sup>3</sup> workmen to make waggons and various chariots in brass, and she taught soft-fleshed virgins splendid works in their dwellings, setting them in the mind of each. Nor does smile-loving Venus overcome in dalliance resounding Artemis of the golden distaff. For to her the bow is pleasant,<sup>4</sup> and to slay beasts o'er mountains, and lyres, and choirs, and piercing shouts, and shadowy woods, and a city of just men. Nor indeed do the occupations of Venus please the hallowed virgin, Vesta, to whom first wily Saturn gave birth, and last again,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An elegant paraphrase of this hymn, which Coleridge (p. 299) considers as "conceived in an older, more Homeric spirit, than any of the other hymns," will be found in the second volume of Congreve's works. Muller, *Lit. of Greece*, vii. 6, says, "it is an obvious conjecture that this hymn (the tone and expression of which has much of the genuine Homer) was sung in honour of princes of the family of Æneas, in some town of the range of Ida, where the same line continued to reign even until the Peloponnesian war." Grote, vol. i. p. 73, rather thinks that it was "probably sung at one of the festivals of Aphrodite in Cyprus."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Eurip. *Hippol.* 2, sqq., and 447, φοιτᾷ δ' ἀν' αἰθέρ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλασσίῳ Κλυδῶνι Κύπρις, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔφν. Lucret. i. 17, "Denique per maria ac montis, fluviosque rapacis. Frundiferasque domos avium, camposque virentis, Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem, Efficit, ut cupide generatim secla propagent."

<sup>3</sup> Hermann prefers ἐπιχθονίοις, joining it with ποιῆσαι.

<sup>4</sup> Compare the prayer of Artemis to her father Jove, in Callimach. in Dian. 6, δός μοι παρθενίην αἰώνιον, ἄππα, φυλάσσειν . . . δός δ' ἰούς καὶ τόξα, κ. τ. λ.

<sup>5</sup> "Nemo, quod sciam, hunc locum explicare cœnatus, Vestam nempe

by the counsel of Ægis-bearing Jove, hallowed Neptune and Apollo wooed; but she was altogether unwilling, and vehemently refused. And the divine of goddesses swore a mighty oath, which indeed was accomplished, touching the head of her sire, Ægis-bearing Jove, [to the effect] that she would be a virgin all her days. But to her father granted a fair gift instead of marriage, for she sat down in the midst of the dwelling,<sup>6</sup> enjoying the savour. And she possesses honour in all the temples of the gods, and among all mortals is the most honoured of the gods. Of these [three] she is unable to persuade or beguile the minds, but of others there is nought that can escape Venus, neither among the blessed gods, nor mortal men. Nay, she even turns aside the mind of thunder-rejoicing Jove,<sup>7</sup> who is both mightiest, and has been allotted the mightiest honour; and having beguiled his mind, when she wishes, she easily mingles him with mortal dames, escaping the notice of his sister-wife, who is much the most beauteous in form among the immortal goddesses. For wily Saturn and her mother Rhea brought forth her most glorious, but Jove, who kens imperishable counsels, made her his hallowed wife, knowing good things. But into [Venus] herself Jove cast sweet desire in her mind, that she should enjoy the embraces of a mortal man, that with all speed she herself might not be excluded from the mortal couch, and smile-loving Venus, sweetly smiling, might at some time boast among all the gods, how that she had mingled the gods with mortal women, and mortals had borne<sup>8</sup> [children] to immortals, and how she had mingled the goddesses with mortal men. And he infused into her mind sweet fondness for Anchises, who then on the lofty mountains of many-rilled Ida,<sup>9</sup> was pasturing his herds, like unto the immortals in

*primam Saturno genitam, hoc est seniore; et tamen juniorem, ultimamque; cum sunt Juno et Ceres, priores. Ipse tamen poeta mox explicat quodammodo, ubi πρώτη καὶ πρῶται Ἔστιν σπένδεται λέγει, xxviii. vs. 5.*" Barnes.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the place where Venus was supposed to preside. Firmicus de Err. Prof. Rel. p. 19. "Vesta autem quid sit discite, ne putetis antiquum aliquid, aut cum summo terrore inventum. Ignis est domesticus, qui in focis quotidianis usibus servit." Albricus de Deor. Imagg. § 17, "erat enim templum (Vestæ) latum et spatiosum, cum ara *in medio*." Cf. Serv. on Virg. Æn. ii. 296.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Eur. Hipp. 453, sqq.

<sup>8</sup> Read τέκον with Hermann.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Coleridge, p. 299.

frame. Him then when smile-loving Venus had beheld, she loved, and violently did love seize her in mind, and coming into Cyprus, she entered her incense-fraught temple at Paphos, where she has a temple and an incense-fraught altar. Here she entering, put to the shining doors, and here the Graces<sup>10</sup> washed her, and anointed her with ambrosial oil, such as blossoms on the gods who are for ever, ambrosial, precious, which was offered in honour of her. And smile-loving Venus, when she had put on all her beauteous garments around her form, being adorned with gold, set out to Troy, quitting sweet-scented Cyprus, swiftly making her way through the clouds on high. And she reached many-rilled Ida, the mother of wild beasts, and went straight through the mountain to the stall, and after her fawning went the hoary wolves and savage lions, the bears and swift pards, insatiate after the hinds. But she was delighted in mind, as she perceived [them], and into their breasts inspired love.<sup>11</sup> And they all in pairs retired to rest in the shadowy recesses. But she herself came into the well-built huts, and found the hero Anchises left in the stalls, apart from the rest, possessing beauty from the gods. But they all were following the herds through the grassy pastures. but he, left alone from the rest in the stalls, was pacing to and fro, clearly striking the lyre. And near before him stood Venus, the daughter of Jove, like in height and figure<sup>12</sup> to an unwedded virgin, lest he should be terrified on perceiving her. But Anchises, when he beheld, reflected and marvelled at her form, and height, and splendid garments. For she had put on a robe more shining than the flame of fire, and she had bended circlets and shining pendant drops,<sup>13</sup> and there were most beautiful necklaces around her neck, beautiful, golden, all-variegated, and around her smooth breast she shone like the moon, a marvel to behold. But love seized Anchises, and he addressed her in words:

“Hail, O queen, whoever thou art of the blest that comest

<sup>10</sup> Cf. *Odyss.* θ. 362, sqq., where these lines also occur.

<sup>11</sup> Cf. *Lucret.* above quoted.

“For every glance she gives, soft fire imparts,  
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.  
Inflamed with love all single out their mates,  
And to their shady dens each pair retreats.”

Congreve.

<sup>12</sup> “*Virginis os habitumque gerens.*” *Virg. Æn.* i. 319.

<sup>13</sup> I am in some doubt about the meaning of *κάλυκας*.

to this dwelling, Diana, or Latona,<sup>14</sup> or golden Venus, or well-born Themis, or dark-eyed Minerva, or whether thou hast come hither [being] one of the Graces, who associate with all the gods, and are called immortal, or one of the nymphs who inhabit beautiful woods, or of the nymphs who dwell on this beautiful mountain,<sup>15</sup> and the fountains of rivers and the grassy valleys. But unto thee I will make an altar on a lofty rock, in a conspicuous place, and I will offer thee beautiful victims at all hours. But do thou, having a well-wishing disposition, grant that I may be a conspicuous hero<sup>16</sup> among the Trojans, and make my progeny hereafter flourishing, but [grant] that I myself may live well and long, and behold the light of the sun, blest among the people, and may reach the threshold of old age."

But him Venus, the daughter of Jove, then answered: "Anchises, most glorious of men born upon the earth, I am no god indeed; why dost thou equal me with the immortals? But [I am] both mortal, and a woman mother gave me birth. But my father is renowned Atreus, if perchance thou hast heard his name, who rules over all well-fortified Phrygia. But I know your language and our own clearly, for a Trojan<sup>17</sup> nurse cherished me in my home, and she trained up me, a little girl, having received me from my mother. Thus therefore I well understand your language also. But now the golden-wanded slayer of Argus has snatched me away out of the choir of golden-distaffed, resounding Diana. For we, a number of nymphs and Alpheisibœan virgins, were at play, and a countless multitude crown-like surrounded us; whence the golden-wanded slayer of Argus snatched me away. And he led me to many works of mortal men, and also to much unallotted and unbuilt [country], through which flesh-devouring wild beasts make their way in shady recesses, nor did I seem to touch the life-breathing earth with my feet. But he said that I should be called a wedded wife at the bed of Anchises, and should bear thee glorious children. But after he

<sup>14</sup> Compare the similar address of Æneas in Virg. *Æn.* i. 332: "O dea certe; An Phœbi soror, an nymphae sanguinis una?" Cf. Heliodor. *Ethiop.* i. 2, Chariton, i. p. 1, with D'Orville's notes.

<sup>15</sup> I agree with Ruhnken in condemning this line as a frigid interpolation.

<sup>16</sup> But Hermann reads αἰεὶ instead of ἀνδρα, and with reason.

<sup>17</sup> Ernesti's emendation is confirmed by cod. Mosc.

had shown and spoken this, straightway the potent slayer of Argus went back to the tribes of the gods. But I have come to thee, and there was a strong necessity for me [to do so]. But I beseech thee by Jove and by thy excellent parents, (for no mean pair could have produced such a one [as thee],) leading me, untouched, and unskilled in love, show me to thy father, and to thy mother who is skilled in prudence, and to thy sisters, who are of the same race to them. I will not be an unworthy daughter-in-law to them, but such as is meet. Whether I shall in aught be an unworthy woman, or not so.<sup>18</sup> And send a messenger quickly to the swift-horsed Phrygians, to tell my sire and my mother, anxious as she must be. But they will send enough both of gold and of woven vesture; but do thou receive the many and glorious gifts. But doing this, celebrate the pleasant feast of nuptials honourable to men and to the immortal gods."

Thus having spoken, the goddess instilled sweet desire into his mind, and love seized Anchises, and he spoke, and addressed her: "If indeed thou art mortal, and a mortal mother bore thee, and thy illustrious father is hight Atreus, as thou sayest, and thou hast come hither at the behest of the immortal messenger Mercury, and thou shalt be called my wife all my days, then no one neither of gods nor of mortal men shall here restrain me, before I forthwith be mingled in thine embrace; no, not if far-darting Apollo himself let fly the grievous shafts from his silver bow. I would then be willing, O woman like unto the goddesses, having ascended thy couch, to enter within the dwelling of Hades."<sup>19</sup>

Thus saying, he took her hand, and smile-loving Venus turning round, went, casting down her beauteous eyes, to the well-spread couch, which before was spread for the king with soft garments, but above there lay the skins of bears, and loud-voiced lions, which he himself had slain on the

<sup>18</sup> This is hopeless nonsense, as the text now stands. Ruhnken seems right in considering this verse as an awkward compound of two others, but I can find no satisfactory emendation.

<sup>19</sup> "Nor should Apollo with his silver bow  
Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear  
To do a deed so full of cause so dear.  
For with a heaven sweet woman I will lie;  
Though straight I stoop the house of Dis, and die."

Chapman.

lofty mountains. But when they had ascended the well-wrought couch, he first took the shining ornaments off her body, the brooches, and bended circlets, and the pendant drops and necklaces. And Anchises loosed her girdle, and stripped off her splendid garments, and placed her on the gold-studded throne. But he then, under the behest and destiny of the gods, was couched with the immortal goddess, not clearly knowing it. But when the shepherds again return back into the stall, and the cows and sturdy<sup>20</sup> sheep from the flowery pastures, then indeed she breathed sweet sleep into Anchises, painless, but she herself put beautiful garments around her body. And when the divine one of goddesses had put on all [her garments] around her body, she stood by the couch of the well-made dwelling, she raised her head, and immortal beauty shone from her cheeks, such as is [the beauty] of beautifully-crowned Cytherea. And she aroused him from slumber and spoke, and addressed him:

“Arise, son of Dardanus, why sleepest thou an unwakeful sleep? and say, whether I seem to be at all like what thou at first didst perceive me with thine eyes.”<sup>22</sup>

Thus she spoke, but he heard very briskly from his sleep, but when he beheld the neck and beauteous eyes of Venus, he dreaded, and turned his eyes another way. And again he hid his fair face in his garment, and beseeching her, he spoke winged words: “Immediately, O goddess, that I first beheld thee with mine eyes, I perceived that thou wast a goddess; but thou didst not speak the truth. But, I implore thee by Ægis-bearing Jove, leave me not to live weak<sup>22</sup> among mor-

<sup>20</sup> Perhaps answering to the “petulci” of Virgil; “fat and frolic sheep,” is Chapman’s version.

<sup>21</sup> “—— Anchises, wake;

Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake:

Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,

Behold me well—say, if I seem the same.” Congreve.

<sup>22</sup> Anchises seems to have been subsequently punished by paralysis caused by a flash of lightning. Cf. Servius on *Æn.* ii. 649, “Cum inter æquales exultaret Anchises, gloriatus traditur de concubitu Veneris: quod cum Jovi Venus quæstæ esset, emeruit ut in Anchisem fulmina mitterentur; sed Venus cum eum fulmine posse vidisset interimi, miserata juvenitas; in aliam partem detorsit: Anchises tamen afflatus igne cælesti, semper *debilis* vixit.” Hesych., ἀμηνῆν, ἀσθενῆ, κατὰ στήρησιν τῆς δυνάμεως.



tals, since that man is not long-lived, who couches with the immortal goddesses."

But him Venus, the daughter of Jove, then answered: "Anchises, most glorious of mortal men, be of good cheer, and fear not over-much in thy mind. For there is no fear that thou wilt suffer evil from me at least, nor from the other blessed gods, since thou art dear to the gods. And thou shalt have a beloved son who shall rule over the Trojans, and children shall be born to [his] children throughout. But his name shall be Æneas, since sad<sup>23</sup> grief possessed me, because I had fallen into the bed of a mortal man. But from thy race the gods shall ever be most near to mortal men both in form and mien. Thus counselling Jove snatched away yellow-haired Ganymede on account of his beauty, that he might dwell with the immortals, and in the house of Jove he is cup-bearer to the gods, a marvel to behold, honoured among all the immortals, pouring ruby nectar from a golden cup. But unceasing grief possessed the mind of Tros, nor knew he whither the heaven-sent whirlwind had snatched away his beloved son. Him then he mourned continually throughout all days. And Jove pitied him, and gave him rewards instead of his son, swift-footed steeds, which bear along the immortals. Them he gave to him as a gift, and the messenger, the slayer of Argus, told him each matter, at the behest of Jove, that he should be immortal and free from old age all his days. But when he heard the messages of Jove, he no longer groaned, but rejoiced within his mind, and rejoicing was carried by his swift-footed steeds. And in like manner golden-throned Morn snatched away Tithonus [sprung] from your race, like unto the immortals. But she went to beseech the black-clouded son of Saturn, that he might be immortal and live all days; and to her Jove assented, and fulfilled her request. Foolish she! nor did revered Morn think in her mind to ask for youth [for him], and to rub off pernicious old age. So as long as much-loved youth possessed him, delighting himself with golden-throned Morn, the mother of day, he dwelt at the stream of ocean, at the boundaries of the earth. But when the first white hairs were poured from his beautiful head and noble beard, then indeed revered Morn abstained from his bed, but nurtured him in turn, keeping him in her dwellings, with

<sup>23</sup> A pun on *αἰνός*, grief, and Æneas.

food, and ambrosia, and giving him beauteous garments. But when hateful old age was completely pressing on, and he was not able to move or raise his limbs, then this seemed to her in her mind the best plan: she placed him in a bedchamber and put shining doors to it. His voice indeed flows<sup>24</sup> over talkatively, nor is there any longer such strength in his flexible members as [there was] before. I would not choose thee to be such among the immortals, to be immortal, and to live all days. But if indeed, being such in form and figure, thou couldst live, and be called my husband, grief would not then surround my deep thoughts. But now old age, equal [to all], will quickly surround thee, merciless! which afterwards comes upon men, destructive, toilsome, which the gods hate. But to me will there be great reproach all days on account of thee, among the gods, who hitherto dreaded my converse and devices, by which I have at sometime mingled all the immortals with mortal women. For my device has subdued all. But now indeed no longer will my mouth be opened<sup>25</sup> to mention this among immortals, since I am much hurt, hardly, unbearably, and have wandered in mind, and, couched with a mortal, have conceived a son beneath my zone. Him indeed, as soon as he shall first behold the light of the sun, shall the mountain-dwelling, deep-bosomed nymphs nourish, who inhabit this mighty and divine mountain, who indeed are neither mortals nor immortals.<sup>26</sup> Long,<sup>27</sup> indeed, they live, and eat

<sup>24</sup> But Ilgen reads *τρεῖ ἄσπετον*, from Il. xvii. 332, meaning, I suppose, to express the indistinct accents of a person who speaks under the influence of fear. Hesych. *τρεῖν φοβεῖσθαι, φεύγειν*.

“All pow’rs so quite decay’d, that when he spake,  
His voice no perceptible accent brake.” Chapman.

“Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.” Congreve.

<sup>25</sup> I have adopted *χίσειται*, Martin’s conjecture, with Ernesti and Hermann.

<sup>26</sup> Hermann rightly explains this sense of *ἔπονται*, “quæ neque in mortalibus neque in immortalibus numerantur.” Congreve has well expressed this:

“They nor of mortal, nor immortal seed,  
Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed.”

<sup>27</sup> The reader will find some good illustrations of this fable in Barnes, but I cannot help transcribing the following quaint remarks from a note on Congreve’s Translation, vol. ii. p. 476. “Ausonius, from Hesiod, computes the life of a man at ninety-six years; a crow, he says, lives nine

ambrosial food, and the immortals raise up the beauteous quire. And with them the Sileni and the sharp scout, the slayer of Argus, were mingled in love, in a recess of the pleasant caves. But together with them at their birth were born either beech trees or high-crested oaks upon the bounteous earth, beauteous, standing exposed to the sun in lofty mountains, but they call them the groves of the immortals, which mortals never crop with the steel; but when the destiny of death is now at hand, the beauteous trees are first dried up upon the earth, and the bark perishes round them, and the boughs fall off, and at the same time their life quits the light of the sun. They indeed shall cherish my son, having him with them. And when pleasant youth first possesses him, the goddesses will lead him hither to thee, and show thy son. And unto thee—that I may pass over all these matters in my mind—I will come after five years, bringing thy son. But when thou shalt first behold this branch with thine eyes, thou wilt rejoice at the sight, for he will be very godlike, and thou wilt straightway lead him to wind-swept Thurii. But if any one of mortal men shall ask thee what mother conceived a dear son for thee beneath her girdle, to him be thou mindful to say, as I bid thee, [thus:] They say,<sup>28</sup> that he is the offspring of the nymph Calycopis, who inhabit this mountain clad in wood. But if indeed thou shalt speak out and boast with foolish mind, that thou wast mingled in dalliance with well-crowned Cytherea, Jove, enraged, shall smite thee with the smouldering lightning. All is told to thee, but do thou, understanding in thy mind, restrain thyself, nor mention my name. But guard against the wrath of the gods.”

Thus having spoken, she leaped forth towards the windy heaven. Hail, O goddess, ruling over well-built Cyprus, and I, beginning from thee, will pass on to another hymn.

times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as a raven; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as the phoenix. But the most received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their trees. Therefore, this from Ausonius, seems rather to refer to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently called Dryades and Hamadryades by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their trees.”

<sup>28</sup> But Matthiæ and Hermann, with reason, read *φάσθαι*, “say that he is,” &c.

IV. TO THE SAME.<sup>29</sup>

I WILL sing hallowed, golden-crowned, beauteous Venus, who has obtained the fortresses of all maritime Cyprus, where the force of gentle-breathing Zephyr bore her o'er the wave of the much-resounding sea, on the soft foam. But her the golden-frontleted Hours joyfully received, and put on her immortal garments, and upon her immortal head they put a well-wrought crown, beauteous, golden, and in her perforated ears a gift of oricholchum and precious gold. And they decked her tender neck and white bosom around with golden carcanets, with which also the Hours themselves, with golden frontlets, were adorned, whenever they went to the pleasant dance of the gods and the dwelling of their sire. But after they had put the whole ornaments around her form, they led her to the immortals; but they, when they beheld, saluted her, and welcomed her with their right hands, and wished each that she might be his wedded wife, and to lead her home, marvelling at the form of violet-crowned Cytherea. Hail! thou eye-winker, sweet-voiced one, and grant that I may bear off the victory in this contest, and aid my song. But I will be mindful of thee and another song.

## V. BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

CONCERNING<sup>1</sup> Bacchus, the son of glorious Semele, I will make mention, how he appeared on the shore of the unfruitful sea, upon a jutting beach,<sup>2</sup> like unto a young man in the first

<sup>29</sup> These minor hymns are considered by Coleridge to be "mere preludes or short preparatory addresses to, or eulogies of, the divinity at whose festival the rhapsode was present, and was about to recite some poem of greater length." Introd. p. 285. The brief mythological notes of Barnes may prove useful to the student.

<sup>1</sup> This formula of commencing a hymn is well illustrated by Barnes from Aristoph. Nub. 505, and Suidas, v. ἀμφιανακτίζειν.

<sup>2</sup> But Ernesti would read ἄκρη, comparing Nonnus xlv. p. 1164,

bloom of youth, while his beauteous dark tresses were shaken around, and he wore a purple mantle about his sturdy shoulders. But quickly came Tyrrhenian pirates from the well-benched ship upon the dark sea, and evil fate led it on. But they, perceiving [him], beckoned to one another, and quickly leaped out, and speedily having seized him, they seated him in their ship, rejoicing at heart. For they said that he was a son of Jove-nurtured princes, and wished to bind him in grievous fetters. But him the fetters restrained not, and the withy bands fell far off from his hands and feet; and he sat smiling with his dark eyes, but the pilot, perceiving, straightway gave orders to his comrades, and addressed them.

“Miserable men! who is this powerful god who ye, having seized, have bound? Nor is the well-constructed ship able to bear him. For either he is Jove, or silver-bowed Apollo, or Neptune; since he is not like unto mortal men, but to the gods who possess the Olympian dwellings. But come, let us forthwith leave him upon the dark mainland, nor lay your hands upon him, lest, being at all enraged, he stir up troublesome gales and a mighty whirlwind.”

Thus he spake, but him the captain rebuked with bitter speech: “My good man, look to the prosperous gale, and at the same time draw up the sail of the ship, having made full tackle. But this one shall be a care to men. I hope that he will come or to Egypt, or to Cyprus, or to the Hyperboreans, or yet farther, and that he will at last declare both his friends, and all his possessions, and his brethren; since fortune has presented him to us.”

Thus having spoken, he drew up the mast and sail of the ship, and the wind breathed upon the middle of the sail and around it they stretched out the cordage. But quickly to them appeared wondrous deeds.<sup>3</sup> First indeed sweet-scented

*αἰγιαλοῖο παρ' ὄφρουσιν.* He forgot *Od.* xxiv. 82, ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προῦχούσῃ, which Hesych. t. i. p. 212, interprets, ἐν τῇ ἐξέχοντι μέρει τοῦ αἰγιαλοῦ. The same grammarian also explains it by παραθαλάσσιος τόπος. There is the same distinction between our words “shore” and “beach.” Moreover, that ἀκτῇ means the projecting rocky parts of the shore, which are most beaten by the waves, but θίνες the sandy, is evident from the Schol. on *Il.* ii. 395, on *Soph. Aj.* 414, and *Ammonius*, p. 9, where see Valck.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Seneca*, *Œd.* 449. “Te Tyrrhæna puer rapuit manus, Et tumidum Nereus posuit mare, Cœrula cum pratis mutat freta. Huic vernus platanus folio viret, Et Phœbo laurus carum nemus, Garrula per ramos

wine bubbled through the swift black ship, and an ambrosial savour arose, and dread seized all the sailors as they beheld. And straightway a vine was stretched out by the highest top of the sail, on this side and that, and many clusters hung down. And around the mast the dark ivy, flourishing in blossoms, was entwined, and the pleasant fruit sprang forth, and all the thongs [of the oars] were furnished with crowns. But they perceiving it, then bade Medides,<sup>4</sup> their pilot, put to land. But he in their sight became a dreadful lion within the ship, upon its summit, and he roared mightily, and in the middle [of the ship] he made a shaggy-necked bear, showing forth marvels. And he arose eagerly, but dreadful<sup>5</sup> was the lion upon the top of the bench, scowling savagely, but they fled terrified to the poop, and stood astounded around the pilot who [alone] possessed a prudent mind. But he<sup>6</sup> hastily making an onslaught, seized the captain, and they, shunning evil fate, all at once leaped out, when they beheld him, into the boundless sea, and became dolphins. But pitying the pilot, [Bacchus] restrained him, and rendered him all fortunate, and spake thus:

“Be of good cheer, noble pilot,<sup>7</sup> most grateful to my mind. But I am Bacchus the loud-sounding, whom a Cadmeian mother Semele bore, mingling in the embrace of Jove.”

Hail! son of fair-faced Semele; never is it possible, forgetting thee, to adorn the sweet song.<sup>8</sup>

avis obstrepit, vivaces ederas ramus tenet, Summa ligat vitis carchesia, Idæus prora fremuit leo,” &c. Cf. Propert. iii. 17, 25. Ovid, Met. iii. 606, sqq. Hygin. Fab. cxxxiv. Lactant. Placid. Arg. Ovid. Met. iii. fab 9, 10.

<sup>4</sup> In other authors he is called Acætes. I myself think, with Hermann, that an accusative is wanting. He ingeniously reads νῆ' ἡδῆ.

<sup>5</sup> This must be the sense, as δεινὸν ὑποδρα can hardly be joined.

<sup>6</sup> Bacchus, in his lion's form.

<sup>7</sup> This word is very doubtful. See Hermann.

<sup>8</sup> “And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,  
Son of sweet-count'nance-carrying Semele.  
I must not thee forget, in least degree;  
But pray thy spirit to render so my song,  
Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong.”

Chapman.



VI. TO MARS.<sup>1</sup>

MOST mighty Mars, weigher down of chariots,<sup>2</sup> gold-casqued, great-minded, shield-bearing, city-preserver, brass-equipped, strong-handed, untired, powerful in the spear, bulwark of Olympus, father of well-warred victory, aider of justice, tyrant over opponents, leader of most upright men, chieftain of valour, revolving thy fiery circle in æther among the seven wandering stars,<sup>2</sup> where thy flaming steeds ever uplift thee above the third chariot.<sup>3</sup> Hear, O helper of mortals, giver of daring youth, gently pouring down a gleam<sup>4</sup> from on high for our livelihood, and martial valour, that I may be able to ward off bitter evil from mine head, and in my thoughts subdue the deceitful inclination of my soul, and also restrain the sharp wrath of anger, which incites me to enter on the chill battle. But do thou, O blest one, give courage, and [grant] me to remain in the harmless laws of peace, escaping the conflict and violent fate of hostile men.

## VII. TO DIANA.

SING, Muse, Diana, the foster-sister of far-darting Apollo, the shaft-rejoicing virgin, who, having washed her steeds in deep-rushed Meles,<sup>5</sup> swiftly drives<sup>6</sup> on her all-golden chariot

<sup>1</sup> This hymn is rightly regarded as Orphic, not Homeric, by Ruhnken, and Hermann has accordingly published it among his Orphica, p. 553. A comparison with a similar hymn to Mars, p. 334, will show how correct this view is.

<sup>2</sup> Not the Pleiades, as Chapman supposed, but the planets. Cf. Hygin. Poet. Astron. ii. 42; iv. 19. But Eur. Iph. Aul. 7, has *ἑπταπόρου Πλειάδος*.

<sup>3</sup> “*Tertio loco inter planetas equi te vehunt, nempe initio numerandi superne facto ab Saturno.*” Ernesti.

<sup>4</sup> It must be remembered that the star of Mars was called *πυρόεις* on account of its superior brilliancy, “quia ignitis fulgorum ardoribus sanguinolentus, et minaci luminis coruscatione terribilis est,” says Jul. Firmicus, Astron. i. 2.

<sup>5</sup> A river near Smyrna, whence Homer took his surname of Me-sigenes.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Æsch. Pers. 84, *Σέρμιόν θ' ἄρμα διώκων*.

through Smyrna into vine-bearing Clarus, where silver-bowed Apollo sits awaiting the far-darting [maid] who rejoices in arrows. And do thou thus hail—and with thee all the goddesses—in song! But I indeed will both first begin from thee<sup>7</sup> to sing, and, having began from thee will pass on to another hymn.

### VIII. TO VENUS.

I WILL sing Cyprus-sprung Cytherea, who both gives pleasant gifts<sup>8</sup> to mortals, and with pleasant visage is ever smiling, and bears a lovely flower [of beauty]. Hail! goddess, ruling over well-built Salamis and all Cyprus,<sup>9</sup> and grant [me] pleasant song, but I will be mindful of thee, and of another song.

### IX. TO MINERVA.

I BEGIN to sing Pallas Minerva, the dread guardian of cities, to whom, in company with Mars, warlike deeds are a care, and cities overthrown, and the din of wars.<sup>10</sup> †And she also guards the people both on going and returning.†<sup>11</sup> Hail! goddess, and grant to us fortune and prosperity.

### X. TO JUNO.

I SING golden-throned Juno, whom Rhea brought forth, the immortal queen, possessing surpassing beauty, both sister and glorious wife<sup>12</sup> of loud-resounding Jove, whom all the gods through long Olympus venerating honour equally with thunder-rejoicing Jove.

<sup>7</sup> See my note on the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, vs. 1.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. Pindar, Ol. i. 120, φίλια δώρα κυπρίας. Hesiod, Scut. Herc. *τερπόμενος δῶροισι πολυχρύσου Ἀφροδίτης*. See int. pp. on Virg. *Æn.* iv. 33.

<sup>9</sup> In the cod. Mosc. there are evidently two versions of this hymn mixed up together, the following lines being added in Hermann's ed.:

χαῖρε μάκαιρα, κυθήρης ἑκτιμένης μεδέουσα,  
Ἐυναλῆς τε κύπρου· ὅς δ' ἰμερόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν.

<sup>10</sup> Observe the hendiadys.

<sup>11</sup> Evidently an interpolation: *νίσσομαι* cannot bear such a meaning.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Il. xvii. 356, with my note.

# XI. TO CERES.

I BEGIN to sing fair-haired Ceres, a venerable goddess, herself and her most beauteous daughter Proserpine. Hail! goddess, and preserve this city,<sup>13</sup> and direct my song.

# XII. TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.

SING to me, sweet<sup>14</sup> Muse, daughter of mighty Jove, the mother both of all gods and all men, to whom the noise of cymbals and drums,<sup>15</sup> and with it the drone of pipes is pleasant, and the howling of wolves and terrible lions, and the echoing mountains, and woody recesses. And do thou thus hail, and with thee all the goddesses, in song.

# XIII. TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES.

I WILL sing Hercules the son of Jove, whom Alcmena bore, the most valiant of earthly beings, in Thebes of beauteous quires, having been embraced by dark-clouded Jove. Who in days of yore, wandering o'er boundless earth and sea, at the behest of king Eurystheus, himself both did and suffered many grievous deeds.<sup>16</sup> But now he dwells delighted on the fair seat of snowy Olympus, and possesses fair-anced Hebe. Hail! O king, son of Jove, and give valour and prosperity.

# XIV. TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

I BEGIN to sing the healer of diseases, Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, whom divine Coronis bore in the Dotian<sup>17</sup> field, the

<sup>13</sup> Barnes well compares Callim. in Cer. 135.

<sup>14</sup> Cf. Alcman, fragm. i. 1, ed. Welcker.

<sup>15</sup> On this miscellaneous musical taste, cf. Lucret. ii. 618, sqq., Catull. lxi. 28, sqq., and Lilius Gyraldus de Diis, Synt. iv. p. 140, ed. Amst.

<sup>16</sup> Here there is another similar interpolation to the one in Hymn viii. See Hermann.

<sup>17</sup> In Thessaly. See Barnes.

daughter of king Phlegyas, a great joy to men, an appeaser of evil pangs. And do thou thus hail, O king! but I implore thee in song.

## XV. TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.<sup>18</sup>

SING, O sweet Muse, Castor and Pollux, the sons of Tyndarus, who were sprung from Olympian Jove, whom hallowed Leda brought forth beneath the height of Taygetus, being stealthily overcome by the dark-clouded son of Saturn. Hail! ye sons of Tyndarus, mounters of fleet steeds.

## XVI. TO MERCURY.

I SING Cyllenian Mercury, the slayer of Argus, who rules over Cyllene and Arcadia rich in flocks, the beneficial messenger of the immortals, whom hallowed Maia, the daughter of Atlas, brought forth, mingling in the embrace of Jove. But she shunned the company of the blessed gods, dwelling in a shady cave, where the son of Saturn mingled with the fair-haired nymph in the depth of night, when sweet sleep possessed white-armed Juno.<sup>19</sup> And she escaped the notice both of the immortal gods and mortal men. And do thou thus hail, son of Jove and Maia. But commencing from thee, I will pass on to another hymn. Hail! Mercury, thou giver of joys, messenger, giver of good things.

## XVII. TO PAN.

SING to me, O Muse, concerning the dear son of Mercury, goat-footed, two-horned, lover of the dance,<sup>20</sup> who goes through woody Pisa in company with the nymphs who are accustomed to the dance, who also step along the tracks<sup>21</sup> of

<sup>18</sup> See below, Hymn xxxi.

<sup>19</sup> "When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye." Chapman.

<sup>20</sup> Chapman is more literal: "amorous of noise."

<sup>21</sup> I read *κέλευθα* from a MS. with Hermann.

the lofty rock, calling upon Pan, the god of shepherds, with beauteous hair, [yet] squalid,<sup>22</sup> who has been allotted every snow-capped height, and the summits and rocky heads of mountains. And he goes hither and thither through the dense thickets, sometimes allured by the gentle streams, but sometimes again he passes over the sun-traversed mountains, ascending the loftiest height that overlooks the flocks, and oftentimes he runs over the long hoary mountain-ranges, and oftentimes he passes through the feet of the hills, slaying wild beasts, looking sharply about. And then he drives his sheep into their cave,<sup>23</sup> returning from the chase, playing a sweet song on the reeds. Him not even the bird, which pouring forth her song among the leaves of flowery spring, pours forth a sweet lay, would surpass in song. And with him<sup>24</sup> then the sweet-songed mountain-nymphs, coming frequently on foot to the dark-watered fountain, raise the song, and the echo sounds around the height of the mountain. And the god going hither and thither in the midst of the dances, moves frequently with his feet. But on his back he wears the blood-stained skin of a lynx, delighting his mind with sweet lays in the soft meadow, where the crocus and fragrant hyacinth flourishing are mingled with abundant grass. And they hymn the blessed gods and mighty Olympus, as,<sup>25</sup> for instance, beneficial Mercury above all, how he is the swift messenger of all the gods. And he indeed came into many-rilled Arcadia, the

<sup>22</sup> "On Pan, the bright-hair'd god of pastoral,  
Who yet is lean and loveless."

Chapman.

<sup>23</sup> This is partly the emendation of Bernard Martin, partly of Ruhnken. But Hermann prefers τότε ὃ ἔσπερος ἔκλαγεν οἶος, "circa vesperam solus fistula canit Pan, a venatione redux; ibi conveniunt deinde nymphæ." This certainly seems almost required by the following words, δονάκων ὑπὸ μουσαν ἀθύρων. And the solitude of Pan well agrees with the words of Theocritus, i. 16, Τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες, ἥ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας Τανίκα κεκ-μακῶς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντὶ δὲ πικρὸς, καὶ οἱ αἰὶ δριμύϊα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κᾶθηται. For descriptions of Pan, see Moll. on Longus Past. ii. 17. Lucian Diall. Deorr. 4, and 22, and Lilius Gyrard. Syntagm. xv. p. 451, sq. ed. Amst. "Artists of modern times evidently took their idea for the graphic representation of the devil from the ancient figures of Pan." Townley Marbles, vol. i. p. 211.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. Pan, σφιν being here the singular number. See Herm. on Orph. p. 792, 797.

<sup>25</sup> Surely we should read οἶον, "Mercury alone above others."

mother of sheep, where there is a temple of Cyllenius<sup>26</sup> in his honour. Here he, although a god, tended shabby-fleeced sheep with<sup>27</sup> a mortal man. For soft desire, which had come upon him, flourished, that he should mingle in love with the fair-haired nymph Dryope. And he accomplished joyful nuptials,<sup>28</sup> and in her dwelling she bore a dear son to Mercury, a marvel to behold forthwith,<sup>29</sup> goat-footed, two-horned, fond of the dance, sweetly laughing. And she fled, leaping up, and the nurse left the child; for she was smitten with dread<sup>30</sup> as she beheld his unpleasant, hairy visage. But him, beneficial Mercury, having received, took in his arms, and the god rejoiced greatly in his mind. And swiftly he went to the dwellings of the immortals, having covered the boy in the thick skins of a mountain hare. And he seated him with Jove and the other immortals, and showed his son. But all the immortals were delighted in mind, and above others Bacchus Dionysus. And they called him Pan, because he delighted the minds of all.<sup>31</sup> And do thou thus hail, O king, and I will beseech thee in song. But I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

### XVIII. TO VULCAN.

SING, sweet Muse, Mercury the renowned artificer, who with dark-eyed Minerva taught glorious works to men upon the earth, who before dwelt in caves<sup>32</sup> in the mountains, like wild beasts, but now being instructed in works by Vulcan the renowned artificer, they easily in security pass through life, the

<sup>26</sup> *Κυλληνίον* is the elegant reading of three Paris MSS. Cf. in Cer. 37, and Herm. on Orph. p. 801.

<sup>27</sup> *Παρά* rather means, "in the service of a mortal man."

<sup>28</sup> A customary euphemism where the gallantries of the gods are described.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. from his very birth. *πρόσθεν* is used in nearly the same manner in Hymn xxiv. 7, of the birth of Minerva.

<sup>30</sup> Probably as much terrified as the mother of Mother Shipton is traditionally reported to have been on a similar occasion.

<sup>31</sup> This etymology is, if possible, nearly as bad as any to be found in Plato's Cratylus. It is, at all events, quite as frigid.

<sup>32</sup> See my notes on Æsch. Prom.



whole year through, in their own dwellings. But be propitious, O Vulcan, and grant excellence and prosperity.

### XIX. TO APOLLO.

O PHÆBUS, thee indeed the swan also sings sweetly, flapping its wings,<sup>33</sup> leaping upon the bank by the eddying river Peneus, but thee the sweet-voiced bard, having his clear-toned lyre, ever sings both first and last. And do thou thus hail, but I appease thee by song.

### XX. TO NEPTUNE.<sup>34</sup>

CONCERNING Neptune, a mighty god, I begin to sing, the stirrer of the earth and unfruitful sea, marine, who possesses both Helicon and wide Ægæ. A twofold honour have the gods granted thee, O earth-shaker, to be both a tamer of steeds, and a preserver of ships. Hail! earth-encircling Neptune, with dark locks, and do thou, blessed one, having a kindly disposition, give aid to voyagers.

### XXI. TO JOVE.

I WILL sing Jove, the best and mightiest of gods, far-sounding, ruling, bringing things to pass, who also holds prudent converse with Themis as she sits reclining. Be propitious, O far-sounding son of Saturn, most glorious, most great.

### XXII. TO VESTA.

O VESTA, who tendest the sacred dwelling of the far-darting king, Apollo, at divine Delphi, ever does the fluid oil stream

<sup>33</sup> Not "sub alis," but "cum planis alarum, applaudens cantui," says Ernesti. Cf. Virg. *Æn.* i. 411, "Ut reduces illi (cycni) ludunt stridentibus alis . . . cantusque dedere."

<sup>34</sup> Ruhnken regards this hymn as Orphic in its character, not Homeric.

down from thy locks.<sup>35</sup> †Come to this dwelling, come, having thy mind,† with counselling Jove, and also grant grace to my song.

### XXIII. TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO.

FROM the Muses<sup>36</sup> I commence, and from Apollo and Jove, for from the Muse and far-darting Apollo are bards and minstrels upon the earth, and from Jove are kings. But blessed is he whom the Muses love! sweet flows the voice from his mouth. Hail! children of Jove, and honour my song; but I will be mindful of you and of another song.

### XXIV. TO BACCHUS.

I BEGIN to sing ivy-crowned, roving Bacchus, the glorious son of Jove and renowned Semele, whom the fair-haired nymphs, receiving him from his royal sire in their bosoms, nurtured, and brought up assiduously in the valleys of Nyssa. But he grew up under the care of his sire in a fragrant-smelling cave, being numbered among the immortals. But when the goddesses had trained up him of much renown, then indeed he used to go through the woody recesses, thickly crowned with ivy and laurel; but the nymphs followed with him, and he led the way, and noisy possessed the mighty<sup>37</sup>\* wood. And do thou thus hail, O many-clustered Bacchus, and grant that we rejoicing may again come round to the seasons, and from the seasons again to many years.

### XXV. TO DIANA.

I SING Diana, of the golden distaff, mistress of the cry,<sup>38</sup> the hallowed virgin, striker of stags, rejoicing in arrows, own sister of golden-sworded Apollo; who, delighting in the chase,

<sup>35</sup> There must surely be a lacuna here. The next line is hopeless.

<sup>36</sup> These first four verses are from Hesiod, Theog. 94, sqq.

<sup>37</sup> I should prefer reading *ἄσπερος*, referring the epithet to *βρόμος*.

<sup>38</sup> i. e. of the chase.

stretches her bow, sending forth deadly shafts o'er the shadowy mountains and wind-swept summits. And the heads of lofty mountains tremble, and the shady wood re-echoes dreadfully from the noise of beasts,<sup>39</sup> and the earth and fishy sea are stricken with terror. But she, having a valiant heart, turns in all directions, destroying the offspring of wild beasts. But when the arrow-rejoicing watcher of wild beasts has rejoiced herself, and is gladdened in mind, relaxing her well-bent bow, she comes into the mighty dwelling of her dear brother, Phœbus Apollo, into the rich abode of Delphi, having equipped the beauteous quire of muses and graces. Here having hung up her bending bow and arrows, she takes the lead, having beauteous ornaments about her form, leading the dance. But they, emitting an ambrosial voice,<sup>40</sup> hymn fair-angled Latona, how she brought forth children among the immortals, far the best both in counsel and in deeds. Hail! children of Jove, and fair-haired Latona. But I will be mindful of you and of another song.

## XXVI. TO MINERVA.

I BEGIN to sing Pallas Minerva, a renowned goddess, dark-eyed, of much counsel, possessing an unsoftened heart, a hallowed virgin, guardian of cities, valiant, Tritogenia, whom counselling Jove himself begat from his reverend head, possessing warlike arms of gold, all-gleaming. And reverence seized all the immortals as they beheld; but she hastily leaped forth<sup>41</sup> from the immortal head of Ægis-bearing Jove, brandishing a sharp spear. And mighty Olympus trembled fearfully under the dread dark-eyed [maid], and the earth around shrieked fearfully, and the sea was stirred, troubled with its purple waves. But the brine stood still forthwith, and the glorious son of Hyperon stopped his fleet-footed steeds a long time till the virgin, Pallas Minerva, had taken off her godlike arms from her immortal shoulders; and counselling Jove re-

<sup>39</sup> Ruhnken elegantly reads *νεύρων*, i. e. "at the noise of her bow."

<sup>40</sup> The true reading is probably *αἶ δ' ἄμβροτον ὄσσαν ἰεῖσαι*, from Hesiod, Theog. 43. Hermann.

<sup>41</sup> But *πρόσθεν* contains the idea of haste and celerity. Cf. Lucian, Dial. Deorr. 8, p. 27, ed. Bip., with the note of Hemsterhusius.

joiced. And do thou indeed thus hail, child of Ægis-bearing Jove; but I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

## XXVII. TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

O VESTA, who hast obtained an immortal seat in the lofty dwellings of all, both immortal gods and earth-traversing men, an honour due to age,<sup>43\*</sup> possessing a fair privilege and honour. For without thee [are there] no banquets for mortals, where [the host] beginning [the libations], pours out sweet wine to Vesta not first nor last. † And thou, for me, O slayer of Argus, son of Jove and Maia, messenger of the blest, bearer of a golden wand, giver of good things, † ye dwell in beauteous abodes, dear to each other in your minds. † Do thou, being propitious, give aid, with hallowed and beloved Vesta; for ye both, knowing good works, accompany the mind and youth of men upon the earth. Hail, daughter of Saturn, both thou and golden-wanded Mercury; but I will be mindful both of you and of another song.

## XXVIII. TO [EARTH],<sup>44\*</sup> THE MOTHER OF ALL.

I WILL sing Earth, the mother of all, with well-laid foundations, most ancient, who feeds all things,<sup>45</sup> as many as are upon the earth, and as many as traverse the boundless earth, and as many as [inhabit] the sea, and as many as fly, these are fed out of thy riches. And from thee, hallowed one, are [men] rich in children and fruitful, and on thee it depends to bestow life, and take it away from mortal men. But blest is he, whom thou indeed shalt willingly honour in thy mind, and to him are all things in abundance. To him<sup>46\*</sup> the life-

<sup>43</sup> This is the only interpretation of *πρεσβηίδα* at all agreeable to the sense. Ernesti would read *γαῖαν* for *τιμὴν*. Vss. 4, 5, 6, are condemned by Ilgen as spurious, and vs. 9 put after vs. 11, by Martin and Matthiæ. To me there appears to be a mixture of two hymns.

<sup>44</sup> *γῆν* is added in edd. Flor. Aldd.

<sup>45</sup> Cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 16, *γῆ τε μητρὶ, φιλότατη τροφή ἢ γὰρ νέους ἔρποντας εὐμενῇ πέδῳ* "Ἀπαντα πανδοκοῦσα παιδείας ὄτλον," *Ἐθρέψατ'.*

<sup>46</sup> *σφιν* is here the singular number. The enallage of number commences with *αὐτοὶ δ' ἐὺν*, in vs. 11.

bearing harvest grows heavy, and in the fields he is rich in beasts of burden, and his house is filled with good things. And they themselves rule under good laws through the city of fair dames, and much prosperity and riches follows [them], and their children exult in juvenile joy, and their virgins with joyous mind leap sportingly<sup>47</sup> in the flowery circle o'er the soft blossoms of the grass, they whom thou, forsooth, dost honour, unstinting<sup>48</sup> goddess! Hail! mother of the gods, wife of the starry heaven, and willingly award me a pleasant life in reward for my song: but I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

## XXIX. TO THE SUN.

O CALLIOPE, child of Jove, again begin to hymn the shining Sun, whom large-eyed Euryphaessa bore to the son of the earth and the starry heaven. For Hyperion wedded his own sister, Euryphaessa all-renowned, who bore him beauteous children, both rosy-fingered Morn, and the fair-haired Moon, and the unwearied Sun, like unto the immortals, who shines unto mortals and to the immortal gods, mounting his steeds. And dreadfully with his eyes he glances from his golden casque, and from him the bright rays flash splendidly, and down from his temples the cheek-plates<sup>49</sup> [of his helmet], shining from his head, guard his beauteous face, shining afar, and with the gale of the winds his beauteous garments glitter around his form, and his male steeds beneath. Here indeed, at even,<sup>50</sup> he, having stopped his golden-yoked chariot and steeds, sends them through heaven towards the ocean. Hail! O king, and willingly grant a pleasant life; and commencing from thee, I will celebrate the race of articulate-voiced men, demigods, whose deeds the gods have shown forth unto mortals.

<sup>47</sup> I read *παίζουσai παίρουνai* with Ruhnken, and *εὐανθέειν* with Hermann. By *χοροῖς* the latter scholar rightly understands “locos, in quibus choreæ ducuntur.”

<sup>48</sup> Matthiæ would read *ἄφθιτε*. Ruhnken condemns this line, but Hermann defends it.

<sup>49</sup> See Hermann, who however cannot find any example of this signification. Pearson would read *περὶ κροτάφοισι τ' ἔθειραι*.

<sup>50</sup> This is Ruhnken's elegant emendation for *θεσπέσιος*.

## XXX. TO THE MOON.

COME, sing the wing-stretching Moon, ye Muses, sweet-voiced daughters of Jove the son of Saturn, skilled in song, [of the Moon,] whose heaven-shown gleam surrounds the earth, her gleam shining forth,<sup>†</sup><sup>51</sup> and the dark night is illumined by her golden crown, and her rays<sup>52</sup> are diffused around, when that, having laved her fair form in Ocean, the divine Moon, having put on her far-shining garments, having yoked her stout-necked, glittering foals, swiftly drives her fair-haired steeds onwards, at even, at the middle of the month, when her great orb is full, and the rays of her then increasing are most brilliant in heaven, and she is a mark and a sign to mortals. With her the son of Saturn once mingled in love and the couch, and she, becoming pregnant, brought forth a daughter, Pandeia,<sup>53</sup> possessing surpassing beauty among the immortal gods. Hail! white-armed queen goddess, divine Moon, benignant, fair-haired; and commencing from thee, I will sing the praises of demigod heroes, whose deeds bards, the servants of the Muses, celebrate, from their pleasant voices.

## XXXI. TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

SING, Muses, concerning the sons of Jove, the sons of Tyn-darus, the glorious children of fair-anced Leda, both horse-breaking<sup>54</sup> Castor and blameless Pollux, whom she, beneath the height of the mighty mountain of Taygetus, mingling in love with the dark-clouded son of Saturn, brought forth, her sons, the saviours of men<sup>55</sup> upon the earth, and of swift-

<sup>51</sup> Hermann's text has ἥς αἴγλη περὶ γαῖαν ἐλίσσεται οὐρανόδεικτος. In the next line Ruhnken would read στίλβει δ' ἐπιλάμπετος ἀήρ, Hermann ἀπολάμπετος, taking ἀπο for a privative, and referring to Koen on Gregor. p. 250.

<sup>52</sup> Read ἀκτῖνες with Barnes.

<sup>53</sup> See Barnes.

<sup>54</sup> Cf. Il. iii. 237, and Orph. Arg. 950, Κάστορα θ' ἰππόδαμον καὶ πῦξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα. Hor. Od. i. 12, 25,—“puerosque Ledæ Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis nobilem.”

<sup>55</sup> Cf. Theocrit. Id. xxii. 6, ἀνθρώπων σωτῆρας ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἤδη ἐόντων.



journeying ships, when the wintry tempests wax violent on the unsoftened sea. But they, making vows from their ships, invoke the sons of mighty Jove with [offerings of] white lambs, having ascended the heights of the poop, which the mighty wind and the billow of the sea have brought below the waves. But they forthwith appear,<sup>56</sup> flitting through the sky on their swarthy wings. And straightway they appease the eddyings of troubling winds, and smoothly spread the waves and the billows of the white sea for the sailors, fair signs of toil for their sake; but they perceiving it, rejoice, and cease from their grievous toil.<sup>57</sup> Hail! sons of Tyndarus, mounters of swift steeds: but I will be mindful of you and of another song.

### XXXII. TO CERES.<sup>58</sup>

I BEGIN to sing fair-haired Ceres, a hallowed goddess, herself and her long-aneled daughter, whom Pluto snatched away (but heavily-thundering, far-seeing<sup>59</sup> Jove gave her) from

<sup>56</sup> Theocrit. l. c. 19, sqq. Hor. l. c. :

“quorum simul alba nautis  
Stella refulsit,  
Defluit saxis agitatus humor,  
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,  
Et minax—quod sic voluere, ponto  
Unda recumbit.”

<sup>57</sup> But Matthiæ and Hermann read *πλόου*, and the latter scholar thinks this hymn should end at vs. 15.

<sup>58</sup> I have placed this hymn, and the fragment of the hymn to Bacchus, at the end of the rest, in order to prevent any difficulty of reference to the ordinary editions of Homer. The student will, I think, find this hymn immeasurably superior to the rest both in interest, variety, and poetic spirit. Grote, vol. i. p. 55, after an admirable analysis of its contents, elegantly observes: “It is interesting not less as a picture of the Mater Dolorosa, (in the mouth of an Athenian, *Dēmêtêr* and *Persephonê* were always The Mother and Daughter, by excellence,) first an agonized sufferer, and then finally glorified,—the weal and woe of men being dependent upon her kindly feeling,—than as an illustration of the nature and growth of Grecian legend generally. Though we now read this hymn as pleasing poetry, to the Eleusinians, for whom it was composed, it was genuine and sacred history. They believed in the visit of *Dēmêtêr* to Eleusis, and in the mysteries as a revelation from her, as implicitly as they believed in her existence and power as a goddess.”

<sup>59</sup> Or “far-sounding.” Hesych. t. ii. p. 1528, ἡ τὸν μέγᾳλως ἐφορῶντα· οἱ δὲ τὸν μεγάλους ἤχους ἀποτελοῦντα, ἐνὰ τῶν βροντῶν.

golden-sworded<sup>60</sup> Ceres, renowned for fruits, as she was sporting with the deep-bosomed daughters of Oceanus, and culling flowers through the soft meadow, roses, and crocus, and beauteous violets, and iris, and hyacinths, and narcissus, which earth, at the behest of Jove, brought forth as a snare to the virgin, favouring the Many-receiver,<sup>61</sup> wondrously flourishing, a marvel then for all to behold, both immortal gods and mortal men. And from its root a hundred heads sprang forth, and the whole wide heaven above was scented with its fragrance, and the whole earth laughed, and the briny wave of the sea. But she, astonished, stretched out both her hands to seize the pretty plaything; but the wide-wayed earth gaped in the Mysian plain, where the many-receiving king, the many-named son of Saturn, leaped forth with his immortal steeds, and having snatched away her unwilling in his golden chariot, he led her away weeping, and she shrieked aloud with her voice, calling upon her supreme and best sire, the son of Saturn. But no one of the immortals nor of mortal men heard her voice, no, nor the olives with their rich fruit,<sup>62</sup> save only the daughter of Perseus, mild in spirit, light-veiled Hecate, who heard her from her cave, and the king Sun, the glorious son of Hyperion, [heard] the girl calling on her Saturn-descended sire. But he said apart, away from the gods, in his well-fastened temple, receiving beauteous offerings from mortal men. But her father's brother, the Many-receiver, who rules over many, the many-named son of Saturn, bore her away against her will with his immortal steeds. Now as long as the goddess beheld the earth and the starry heaven, and the much-flowing fishy sea, and the rays of the sun, and still hoped to behold her careful mother, and the tribes of the gods who are for ever, so long did hope soften her mighty mind, although grieving. But the heights of the

<sup>60</sup> This epithet has given rise to much doubt, and Ruhnken seems to be right in reading *χρυσοθρόνον*. Lucas translates:

“ — who widely wields

Her golden sceptre o'er the fruitful fields.”

<sup>61</sup> Pluto or Hades.

<sup>62</sup> Ruhnken is very dissatisfied with the mention of olives here, and, considering that an animate object ought to be mentioned, he would read *οὐδ' ἀγλαόμορφοι ἐραΐραι*. Lucas defends it, observing, “nothing is more common with poets than to feign an attention in mountains, woods, rivers, &c., to persons singing or bewailing.” He compares Virg. Ecl. x. 8.

mountains and the depths of the sea resounded with her immortal voice, and her revered mother heard her. And quickly grief seized her mind, and with her hands she rent the veil above her ambrosial locks, and cast the dark-blue raiment from both her shoulders, and she rushed, like a bird, o'er dry and wet,<sup>63</sup> seeking her; but to her no one either of gods or mortal men was willing to tell the truth, nor did any one of birds [of augury] come to her as a true messenger. Then for nine days did hallowed Ceres perambulate the earth, bearing blazing torches in her hands, nor ever did she, grieving, taste ambrosia or sweet-drinking nectar, nor lave her form in the bath. But when indeed to her the tenth shining morn had come, Hecate met her, bearing a light in her hands, and bringing news, spoke to and addressed her.

“Revered Ceres, bearer of seasons, giver of glorious things, who of the heavenly gods or mortal men has snatched away Proserpine, and grieved thy dear mind? For I heard her voice, but I perceived not with mine eyes who it was. But quickly could he tell thee all truly<sup>64</sup> \* \* \* \*.”

Thus then spake Hecate, but her the daughter of fair-haired Rhea answered not in words, but quickly sped forth with her, bearing lighted torches in her hands. And they went to the Sun, the surveyor both of men and gods, and they stood in front of his steeds, and the divine one of goddesses asked [him]:

“O Sun, compassionate me on behalf of a goddess,<sup>65</sup> if ever either by word or deed I have gratified thy heart and mind. My daughter whom I bore, a sweet blossom, beauteous in form, whose frequent cries I have heard through the unfruitful air, as though she were being forced away, but I have not beheld her with mine eyes—but do thou (for thou from the divine æther dost look down with thy rays upon all the earth and sea) tell me truly, dear son, if thou hast any where seen him, of the gods or mortal men, who, without my consent, has seized her perforce, and carried her off.”

Thus she spoke, but her the son of Hyperion answered in discourse: “Daughter of fair-haired Rhea, queen Ceres, thou

<sup>63</sup> i. e. land and sea. Cf. Rittersh. on Oppian. Cyn. i. 11.

<sup>64</sup> Hermann thinks that the lacuna should probably be filled up thus; σοὶ δ' ὦκα λέγοι νημ. πάντα 'Ἡέλιος, ὃς παντ' ἐφορᾷ καὶ πάντ' ἐπακούει.

<sup>65</sup> i. e. her daughter. See Hermann.

shalt know ; for I indeed grieve for and pity thee much, sorrowing for thy slender-ankled daughter. But no other of the immortals is guilty, save only cloud-compelling Jove, who has given her to his own brother Hades, to be called his blooming wife. And he, having snatched her away with his steeds, has led her, loudly shrieking, beneath the murky darkness. But come, O goddess, cease thy great wrath.<sup>66</sup> It in no wise behoves thee vainly to entertain boundless wrath. Pluto, who rules over many, is by no means an unseemly kinsman [to have] among the immortals, thine own brother and of the same seed. And he has moreover obtained a prerogative, when division was first made threefold by lot ; he dwells among those of whom he is appointed master by lot."

Thus having spoken, he cheered on his steeds, and they, at his exhortation, swiftly bore along the fleet chariot, like wing-expanding birds. But upon her mind a more sad and ruder grief fell, and then, enraged at the dark-clouded son of Saturn, going apart from the council of the gods and mighty Olympus, she went to the cities and rich fields of men, obscuring her form for a long time. Nor did any one of men or deep-bosomed women, seeing, recognise her, before that she came to the dwelling of prudent Celeus, who was at that time the ruler of sweet-scented Eleusis. And she sat near the way-side, saddened at heart, by the Parthenian well,<sup>67</sup> whence the citizens drew their water, in the shade, (but above her there was an olive tree,) like unto an aged old woman, who is shut off both from child-birth, and from the gifts of crown-loving Venus, such as are the nurses of the children of law-administering kings, and housekeepers in their echoing dwellings. But the daughters of Eleusinian Celeus perceived her as they were coming for clear-flowing water, that they might bear it in golden ewers<sup>68</sup> to the beloved dwellings of their sire,<sup>69</sup> four [in number], like goddesses, possessing the flower of youth,

<sup>66</sup> Hermann well reads, γόλον for γόον, observing, "verba οὐδέ τι σε χρῆν semper apud Homerum prægressam orationem repetunt." II. xix. 67 ; vii. 209, 492, &c. This somewhat resembles the parallelism of the Hebrew poetry. See Hengstenberg in Barnes's Preface to his Notes on Isaiah, § 8, p. 54, sqq. ed. Cumming.

<sup>67</sup> The beautiful simplicity of this narrative justifies a comparison with Genes. xxiv. 11, sqq.

<sup>68</sup> Cf. Eur. Hippol. 121, sqq.

<sup>69</sup> Matthiæ would read φίλον, without necessity.

Callidice, and Clisidice, and lovely Demo, and Callithoe, who was the eldest of them all. But they knew her not, for difficult are the gods for mortals to behold; but standing near, they addressed [to her] winged words:

“Who, whence art thou, old woman, among ancient-born men? And why hast thou walked far away from the city, nor dost approach the dwellings, where there are women of thine own age in the shady abodes, even as thou art, and younger ones also, who, forsooth, may receive thee kindly in word and deed?”

Thus they spoke, but she, hallowed one of goddesses, answered in words: “Dear children, whoever ye are<sup>70</sup> of the sex of women, hail! But I will tell my story to you. It is by no means unfitting to tell the truth to you who ask. My name indeed is Dos,<sup>71</sup> for this my revered brother gave me. But now have I come not willingly upon the wide back of the sea, but pirates by compulsion led me away unwilling. They then put to at Thoricus in their swift ship, where numerous women disembarked upon the mainland,<sup>72</sup> and they themselves made ready supper near the halsters of the ship. But my mind cared not for the pleasant feast, but privily setting out through the dark mainland, I fled from my overbearing masters, that they might not enjoy my price, having sold me [purchased] for nothing.<sup>73</sup> Thus have I come hither, wandering, nor know I aught what land this is, and who are its inhabitants. But to you may all those who possess the Olympian dwellings grant blooming husbands, and to bring forth children, as parents are wont to wish! But take pity on me, ye damsels, kindly, dear children, until I reach the dwelling of a man and woman, that I may willingly work for them in such things as are the business of an aged woman. And truly I could nicely nurse a young infant, having him in mine arms, and could take care of the house, and could spread my master’s bed in the recess of the well-built chambers, and could manage<sup>\*74</sup> the works of woman.” The goddess spoke, but

<sup>70</sup> I read *φίλ’ αἴτινες*, with La Fontaine.

<sup>71</sup> See Ruhnken.

<sup>72</sup> Hermann says there is a lacuna: “nam ipsos nautos dixisset navem reliquisse antequam cibum caperent, ut Od. ix. 85; x. 56; xv. 498.”

<sup>73</sup> This seems to be the sense of *ἀπριάτην*.

<sup>74</sup> But I am strongly prepossessed in favour of the elegant emendation of Voss, *ἔργα διδασκῆσαιμι*.

her the untouched virgin Callidice, most beauteous in form of the daughters of Celeus, forthwith answered :

“O nurse, we mortals must needs endure the lot given<sup>75</sup> us by the gods, although grieving, for they indeed are much more powerful [than we]. But this will I clearly suggest to thee, and will name the men to whom there is here great power of dignity, and who take the lead among the people, and by counsels and upright judgments guard the battlements of the city. There is shrewd-counselling Triptolemus,<sup>76</sup> and Diocles, and Polyxeines, and blameless Eumolpus, and Dolichus, and our noble sire, all whose wives tend their houses ; not one of whom at first sight despising thy appearance, would dismiss thee from her dwellings, but they will receive thee, for truly thou art godlike. But if thou wilt, remain, that we may go to the abode of our sire, and tell all these matters thoroughly to our deep-bosomed mother Metaneira, if perchance she will bid thee come to our dwelling and not seek for the house of another. And a darling son is nurtured by her in the well-built house, a subject of many prayers, and beloved. If thou couldst train him up, and he should reach the measure of youth, with reason indeed would any one of the race of women, seeing, envy thee ; such great rewards for thy nursing would he give thee.” Thus she spoke, but [the goddess] nodded assent ; and they, having filled the vessels with water, bore them rejoicing. And quickly they reached the great house of their sire, and soon told their mother what they had both seen and heard. But she immediately bade them go and call her with [a promise of] boundless hire. And they, like as hinds or heifers gambol through the meadow in the season of spring, having satiated their mind with food,<sup>77</sup> so they, uplifting the folds of their beauteous robes, sped along

<sup>75</sup> δῶρα θεῶν is not here used in a good sense, as in Plato, Tim. p. 533. D. Læm. Jamblich. V. P. 6. p. 23. Simplic. in Epictet. 29. p. 125. Theodor. Melit. apud Fabric. Bibl. Gr. t. ix. p. 199. Sotadis apud Stob. 43, p. 151, 49. Athenag. de Resurr. p. 23. It rather means “quidquid divinitus fit.”

<sup>76</sup> For the sake of avoiding baldness, I have turned these into nominatives. They however depend upon κράτος τιμῆς, “tanquam si dixisset ὅν ἐστι κράτος ἐνθάδε τιμῆς.” Herm.

<sup>77</sup> Hermann compares Lucret. i. 259,—“hinc nova proles Artibus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas Ludit, lacte mero mentes percussa novellas.”



the waggon-furrowed way, and about their shoulders their curls, like unto the crocus flower, sported. And near the way they found the renowned goddess, where they had left her before. But then they led her to the dwelling of their sire, and she, sorrowing at heart, followed behind them, with her head veiled, and the dark robe shook loosely around the tender feet of the goddess. And quickly they reached the house of Jove-nurtured Celeus, and went through the portico, where their hallowed mother awaited them by the lintel of the well-built tenement, having her son, a young off-shoot, at her bosom. But they ran up to her, and she came to the threshold on her feet, and truly she reached the top of the dwelling, and filled the doors with divine light. But admiration, and wonder, and pallid fear possessed her, and she yielded up her seat, and bade her be seated. But season-bearing Ceres, of glorious gifts, was not willing to be seated on the shining seat, but she remained silent, casting down her beauteous eyes, until at length Iambe, knowing prudent things, offered her a compact seat, and above it spread a silver-woven fleece. Here sitting down, she stretched forth her veil [over her face] with her hands, and for a long time sat speechless, grieving, in her seat, nor did she apply herself to any word or deed, but without a smile, unfed or by food or drink, she sat, wasting away with longing for her deep-bosomed daughter; until that Iambe, knowing prudent things, much joking her with banterings, turned the hallowed, holy [goddess] to smile, and to laugh, and to have an appeased mind. Here, in after-times also, she pleased her with orgies. And to her Metaneira gave a cup of sweet wine, having filled it; but she refused it, “for,” said she, “it was not lawful for her to drink the ruby wine;” but she bade her, having mixed wheat and water with pounded pennyroyal, give it her to drink. But she, having made the mixture, gave it to the goddess, as she commanded, and all-hallowed Ceres, having received it, obtained<sup>78</sup> the sacred honour. But to them well-girt Metaneira began discourse:

“Hail! lady, since I deem that thou art not from mean parents, but good ones, since modesty and grace are conspicuous in thy countenance, like as [among the descendants] of law-administering kings. But we men must needs endure the lot given by the gods, although grieving; for the yoke lies

<sup>78</sup> I read *ὁσίης ἐπιβη*, with Voss.

upon our neck. And now, since thou hast come hither, thine shall be whatever is mine. But cherish for me this boy, whom born late, and unhopèd-for, the immortals have bestowed [on us], and to me he is a subject of many prayers. If thou wilt train him up, and he reach the measure of youth, with reason will any one of womankind, seeing, envy thee, such great gifts will I<sup>79</sup> give thee for his nursing." But her in turn well-crowned Ceres addressed:

"And thou too, lady, all hail! and may the gods grant thee good things. But I will willingly receive thy boy, as thou biddest me, to nurture,<sup>80</sup> nor, I trust, will charms harm him, nor [deadly] plant,<sup>81</sup> through the carelessness of his nurse. For I know a remedy much more efficacious † than wood cutting, † and I know an excellent antidote for baleful spells."

Thus having spoken, she received him in her fragrant bosom and immortal hands, and his mother rejoiced in mind. Thus she indeed trained up in the palace Demophoon, the glorious son of prudent Celeus, whom well-girt Metaneira bore. But he grew up like unto a god, neither eating food nor sucking.<sup>82</sup> But Ceres anointed him with ambrosia, as though sprung from a god, breathing sweetly upon him, and having him in her bosom. But at night she concealed him in the might of fire, like a brand, without the knowledge of his dear parents. But to them he was a great marvel, how bloomingly he sprang up, and was like unto the gods in person. And truly she would have rendered him free from old age, and immortal,<sup>83</sup> unless well-girt Metaneira, in her folly, watching by night, had looked out from her perfumed chamber, and shrieked, and smitten both her thighs, fearing for her son, and she was greatly disturbed in mind, and bewailing, she addressed winged words: "My child Demophoon,

<sup>79</sup> Perhaps *δοίη* would be better. But see Hermann.

<sup>80</sup> I read *θρέψαι*, with Herm., who compares Hesiod, Theog. 479.

<sup>81</sup> I can make nothing of *οὐθ' ὑπόσπυρον*, nor can Ruhnken. I have followed Liddell's interpretation, "plant cut off at the root for magical purposes," but am by no means satisfied.

<sup>82</sup> See Hermann.

<sup>83</sup> Apollodorus, i. 5, says that he actually perished in the fire. "The same story is told in regard to the infant Achilles. His mother Thetis was taking similar measures to render him immortal, when his father Peleus interfered and prevented the consummation. Thetis immediately left him in great wrath (Apollon. Rhod. iv. 866)." Grote, p. 53.

the strange woman is concealing thee in a great fire, but to me she causes groans and grievous sorrows." Thus she spoke, weeping, and the divine one of goddesses heard her. But fair-crowned Ceres, enraged with her, put from her to the ground with her immortal hands the dear son, whom, un-hoped-for, she had brought forth in the palace, having taken him out of the fire, being very wrathful in mind, and at the same time she addressed well-girt Metaneira :

"Ignorant and unwise men, who neither foresee the destiny of coming good nor evil ! And thou, too, by thy folly hast erred most greatly. For let the pledge of the gods bear witness, the water of the Styx that yields no forgiveness, I would have made thy dear son immortal and free from age for all days, and would have afforded him unperishing honour. But now it is not possible for him to escape death and the Fates ; but unperishing honour shall always be his, because he has sat upon my knees, and slept in mine arms. But when he is of age, in revolving years, the sons of the Eleusinians will ever throughout all days stir up<sup>84</sup> battle and grievous conflict among each other. But I am honoured Ceres, who is the greatest benefit and joy to immortals and mortals. But come, let all the people build for me a great temple, and under it an altar, below the city and the lofty wall, above Callichorus, upon the jutting hill. But I myself will teach my orgies, so that hereafter, performing them holily, ye may appease my mind."

Thus having spoken, the goddess changed her magnitude and mien, having put off old age, and beauty was breathed around her, and a pleasant odour was scattered from her scented robes,<sup>85</sup> and far gleamed the light from the immortal flesh of the goddess, and her yellow curls flourished on her shoulders, and the close dwelling was filled with the sheen, as of lightning. And she went out from the palace. But straightway the knees [of Metaneira] were relaxed, and for a long time she became speechless, nor did she at all bethink her of her darling son, to take him up from the ground. But his sisters heard his piteous voice, and they leaped up from their well-spread couches. One then, taking up the boy in

<sup>84</sup> Hermann reads *συνάζουσ'*, and places a mark of lacuna after this verse.

<sup>85</sup> Cf. Virg. *Æn.* i. 406, sqq.

her hands, placed him in her bosom, but another kindled the fire, and another ran with her tender feet to raise up her mother from the fragrant chamber. And gathering around him, they washed him, tending him yet panting, but his mind was not comforted, for inferior nurses and attendants now possessed him. They indeed, trembling with fear, kept appeasing the renowned goddess throughout the night, but together with the dawn appearing they told truly to Celeus of wide power, how the goddess, fair-crowned Ceres, had commanded. But he, having summoned the numerous people into council, ordered them to erect a rich temple to fair-haired Ceres, and an altar, upon the jutting hill. But they immediately obeyed, and hearkened to him speaking, and they built, as he commanded; but he<sup>86</sup> kept increasing by the will of the deity. But when they had finished, and rested from their toil, they went each one homewards. But yellow-haired Ceres, sitting down here, far apart from all the blessed gods, remained, wasting away with longing for her deep-bosomed daughter. And she rendered that year a most grievous and cruel one for men upon the many-nurturing earth, nor did the earth give forth any seed, for well-crowned Ceres concealed it. And the steers dragged many bent ploughs over the fields to no purpose, and much white barley fell upon the earth in vain. And she indeed would have destroyed the whole race of articulate-voiced men by grievous famine, and would have deprived those possessing the Olympian dwellings of the glorious honour of gifts and sacrifices, had not Jove perceived, and taken counsel in his mind. And he first sent golden-pinioned Iris to call fair-haired Ceres, possessing a most lovely appearance. Thus he spake; but she obeyed dark-clouded Jove, the son of Saturn, and swiftly ran through the mid way with her feet. And she reached the city of incense-fraught Eleusis, and found dark-robed Ceres in the temple, and having addressed her, spoke winged words:

“O Ceres, thy father Jove, knowing imperishable [counsels], calls thee to come to the tribes of the gods who are for ever. But come, nor let my message from Jove be unaccomplished. Thus she spoke; but her mind was not persuaded. Again then [Jove] sent on all the blessed ever-existing gods. And they, coming one after another, called her, and gave

<sup>86</sup> The son of Celeus.

many beauteous gifts and honours, whatever she wished to choose among the immortals. But no one was able to persuade her mind and inclination, wrathful in mind; but she obstinately rejected their discourse. "For never," said she, "would she step upon incense-fraught Olympus, nor let forth the fruit of the earth, before she should behold her fair-faced daughter with her eyes." But when heavy-thundering, far-seeing Jove heard this, he sent the golden-wanded slayer of Argus down into Erebus, in order that, having beguiled Hades by soft words, he might lead away chaste Proserpine from the murky darkness to the gods, that her mother, having beheld her, might cease from her wrath. But Mercury was not disobedient, but straightway sped briskly beneath the earth, having left the dwelling of Olympus. And he found the king within his abode, sitting on a couch with his chaste spouse, who was grieving much through longing for her mother; but she, on account of the shameful deeds of the gods, devised a destructive counsel.<sup>87</sup>

Then the bold slayer of Argus, standing near, addressed him: "Dark-haired Hades, who rulest over the dead, the sire, Jove, bids thee lead forth noble Proserpine from Erebus to their<sup>88</sup> company, that her mother, having beheld her, may cease<sup>89</sup> from her wrath and bitter anger against the immortals; since she devises a dreadful deed, to destroy the weakly tribes of earth-born men, concealing the seed beneath the ground, and wasting away the honours of the immortals. But she cherishes grievous wrath, and does not associate with the gods, but sits afar off within her incense-fraught temple, possessing the rocky city of Eleusis." Thus he spoke, but Pluto, king of the dead, smiled from beneath his eyebrows, and did not disobey the behest of king Jove. And quickly he bade prudent Proserpine [thus]: "Go, Proserpine, to thy dark-robed mother, having a mild spirit and disposition in

<sup>87</sup> i. e. in withholding the fruits of the earth. I have adopted Hermann's emendation, ἡ δ' ἐπ' ἀλάστοις Ἔργοισιν μακάρων ὀλοὴν μητίετο βουλήν. He compares Hesych. ἄλαστα' ἄτλητα. In a copy of Ruhnken's edition in the British Museum, the late Charles Burney has conjectured, ἡ γ' ἐπὶ ἔργοις Ἀτλήτοισι θεῶν πυκινὴν ἔφο. βουλήν.

<sup>88</sup> i. e. to the assembly of the other gods.

<sup>89</sup> Read λήξειεν, with Hermann, and Burney in note MS.



thy breast, nor do thou give way to sadness excessively beyond others : In no wise shall I be an unseemly consort among the immortals, [being] own brother of sire Jove. Coming hither, thou shalt be mistress of all beings, as many as live and walk, and thou shalt ever possess<sup>90</sup> the greatest honours among the immortals. And there shall for all days be judgment upon those who have done injury, who do not appease thy power with sacrifices, piously performing them, offering suitable gifts."

Thus he spoke, but prudent Proserpine rejoiced, and quickly leaped forth through joy. But he had privily given her the sweet grain of a pomegranate to eat, offering it her in private,<sup>92</sup> that she might not remain all days above with hallowed Ceres, of dark robes. And Pluto, who rules over many, yoked his steeds in front beneath the golden chariot, and she mounted the chariot, and by her the strong slayer of Argus, seizing the bridles and scourge in his hands, drove [the steeds] straight out from the abodes, and they twain flew along not unwillingly. And swiftly they passed o'er the long tracks, nor did the sea, nor the water of rivers, nor the grassy valleys, nor the heights, restrain the rush of the immortal steeds, but they cut through the deep darkness above them,<sup>93</sup> as they went. And he stopped driving them, where well-crowned Ceres stood, before the incense-fraught temple. But she, perceiving, leaped forward, like a mænad on the shaded mountain of a wood.<sup>95</sup> \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

"And thou shalt dwell with me and thy sire, the dark-clouded son of Saturn, honoured by all the immortals. But if thou hast tasted<sup>95</sup> [aught], again going beneath the hiding-places

<sup>90</sup> Hermann reads *τιμὰς δ' αἰὲν ἔχθησθα*, observing, "si genuina est codicis scriptura, (i. e. *τιμὰς δὲ στήθησθα*,) exemplum habemus futuri conjunctivi, contra grammaticorum sententiam."

<sup>91</sup> Read *ἀντῆ*, with Voss.

<sup>92</sup> I have done my best with Hermann's correction, *ἀμφὶς νομήσας*, but am by no means satisfied.

<sup>93</sup> Burney, in note MS., would read *ἀντῶν* for *ἀντῶν*.

<sup>94</sup> Here the MS. is mutilated : the meeting of the mother and daughter, and the inquiries of the former, whether Proserpine, by eating any thing, had rendered herself subject to the dominion of the shades, formed the missing portion.

<sup>95</sup> Read *εἰ δ' ἐπάσω*, with Wyttenb., Ruhnck., Herm.



of the earth, thou wilt dwell the third part of the year<sup>96</sup>  
 \* \* , but the [other] two with me and the other immortals.  
 But when the earth flourishes with all kinds of sweet-scented  
 spring flowers,<sup>97</sup> then again shalt thou return back from the  
 murky darkness, a mighty marvel to gods and mortal men.<sup>98</sup> \*  
 \* \* \* And by what stratagem did the strong Many-  
 receiver beguile thee?" But her beauteous Proserpine ad-  
 dressed in turn: "Therefore will I tell thee all things truly,  
 mother. When beneficial Mercury, the swift messenger,  
 came from the Saturnian sire and the other gods, then he led<sup>99</sup>  
 me out from Erebus, that thou, having beheld me with thine  
 eyes, mightest cease from thy wrath and grievous anger  
 against the immortals, but I leaped forth for joy. But [my  
 husband] privily threw to me the grain of a pomegranate,  
 pleasant to eat, and compelled me perforce, against my will, to  
 taste it.<sup>100</sup> But how, having snatched me away through the  
 cunning device of my sire, the son of Saturn, he went bearing  
 me beneath the hiding-places of the earth, I will speak out,  
 and detail all things, as thou askest. We indeed were all at  
 play in the pleasant meadow, Leucippe, and Phœno, and  
 Electra, and Ianthé, and Melite, and Iacche, and Rhæa, and  
 Callirrhoe, and Melobate, and Tyeche, and rosy Ocyrrhoe, and  
 Chryseis, and Ianeira, and Acaste, and Admeta, and Rhodope,  
 and Pluto,<sup>1</sup> and lovely Calypso, and Styx, and Urania, and  
 lovely Galaxyre, and battle-rousing Pallas, and arrow-rejoicing  
 Diana, and were plucking the pleasant flowers with our hands,  
 the beauteous crocus,<sup>2</sup> and the iris, and hyacinth, and the rose-  
 buds, and the lilies, a marvel to behold, and the narcissus,  
 which, like the crocus,<sup>3</sup> the wide earth produced. But I was

<sup>96</sup> For conjectures as to the supplying of this line, see Ruhnken and Hermann.

<sup>97</sup> I prefer *εἶαρος ὥρη*, with La Fontaine.

<sup>98</sup> Here there is evidently a lacuna, as Ruhnken observes, to whom *τίμι* σ' ἐξαπάρησε is due.

<sup>99</sup> Read *ἦγε δὲ μ' ἐξ' Ἐρέβενος, ἵνα μ'*, with Herm.

<sup>100</sup> But see Hermann.

<sup>1</sup> A nymph, not Hades.

<sup>2</sup> Read *μίσδα κρόκον τ' ἀγανόν*, with Voss.

<sup>3</sup> This is very tame. Hermann reads *ὥσπερ κόνιν*, "abundant as the dust," comparing Il. ix. 385, *οὐδ' εἴ μοι τόσα δοίη, ὅσα ψάμαθος τε κόνις τε*. Burney in note MS., proposes *ὅν ἔφυσεν ἐὺχροον*.

plucking them with joy, when the earth yawned beneath and out leaped the strong king, the Many-receiver, and went bearing me beneath the earth in his golden chariot, grieving much, and I cried aloud with my voice. These things have I told thee all truly, although grieving."

Thus then indeed they, having a concordant mind, mutually fondling each other, greatly appeased the heart and mind of each other, and the mind [of both] was rested from sorrows. And they received and gave delights<sup>4</sup> mutually. But near to them came delicately-veiled Hecate, and much she fondled the chaste daughter of Ceres, because the queen had been her attendant and servant.<sup>5</sup> But to them loud-thundering, far-seeing Jove sent a messenger, fair-haired Rhea, to bring dark-robed Ceres to the tribes of the gods, and he pledged himself to give her honours, whatever she might choose among the immortal gods. And he granted to her that her daughter should pass the third part of the revolving year under the murky darkness, but the two [other parts] with her mother and the other immortals. Thus he spake, nor did the goddess disobey the message of Jove, but she quickly sprang forth from the heights of Olympus, and she came to the Rarian<sup>6</sup> [plain], heretofore the life-bearing udder of corn-land, but then no longer affording sustenance, but it remained idle and leafless, and concealed the white barley, by the contrivance of fair-ancled Ceres; but it was then destined forthwith to bloom with long ears, as the spring advanced, and the rich furrows<sup>7</sup> to abound in ears, and there to be bound in bundles. Here she first descended from the unfruitful air. But gladly they beheld each other, and rejoiced in mind; and her fair-veiled Rhea first addressed: "Hither, child, loud-thundering, far-seeing Jove calls thee to come to the tribes of the gods, and he has pledged himself to give thee honour, whatsoever thou mayest choose amongst the immortal gods. And he has consented that thy daughter [shall pass] the third part of the revolving year beneath the

<sup>4</sup> Read γηθοσίνας—ἐδιδόν τε, with Ruhnken.

<sup>5</sup> I scarcely understand this line.

<sup>6</sup> It is important for the student to remember that Πάριος is the only Greek word beginning with ρ, that is not aspirated. See Schol. Venet. on Il. i. 56.

<sup>7</sup> Hermann says that ὄγμοι is "de segete demessa intelligendum."

murky darkness, but the [other] two with thee and the other immortals,<sup>8</sup> \* \* \* But come, child, and obey, nor be thou too immoderately wrathful against the dark-clouded son of Saturn. And straightway increase the life-bearing fruit for men."

Thus she spoke, nor did well-crowned Ceres disobey; but she straightway sent forth the fruit from the rich-soiled fields. And all the wide earth was weighed down with leaves and flowers; and she went to the law-administering kings, Triptolemus, and horse-goading Diocles, and the might of Eumolpus, and Celeus, leader of the people, and showed<sup>9</sup> [them] the performance of her sacred rites, and she appointed her hallowed orgies for all, for Triptolemus, and Polyxenus, and moreover, Diocles, which it is in no wise lawful either to neglect, or to inquire into, or mention,<sup>10</sup> for a mighty reverence of the gods restrains the voice. Blest is he of mortal men who has beheld these, for he who is initiated, and he who partakes not<sup>11</sup> in these rites, have by no means the same fortune, although dead, beneath the murky darkness. But when the divine one of goddesses had suggested all, they set out to go to Olympus, to the assembly of the other gods. And here they dwell by thunder-rejoicing Jove, both venerable and revered. Greatly blessed is he, whomsoever of mortal men, they love with a kindly mind, and straightway they send to the hearth of his noble dwelling Plutus, who affords riches to mortal men.

But come,<sup>12</sup> ye who possess the state of incense-fraught Eleusis, and sea-girt Paros, and rocky Antron, hallowed, the giver of glorious gifts, bearer of seasons, queen Ceres, thyself, and thy all-beauteous daughter Proserpine, willingly grant me a pleasant life for my song. But I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

<sup>8</sup> I follow Hermann's supplement from vs. 447. The next fragments of lines are a mistaken interpolation from 448—450, as the same scholar observes. But see his whole note.

<sup>9</sup> Read *δείξεν* for *εἶπε*, from Pausanias, Corinth. 14. See Ruhnken.

<sup>10</sup> I read *οὔτε χανεῖν*, with Ilgen, and Burney, note MS., and *ἄγος*, with Valckenaer.

<sup>11</sup> I read *ὅς δ' ἀτελής ἱερῶν, ὅς τ' ἔμμορος*, "dispar conditio initiatorum est et non initiatorum," with Hermann.

<sup>12</sup> Read *ἀλλ' ἄγ'*, with Ruhnken.

FRAGMENT OF THE HYMN TO BACCHUS.<sup>13</sup>

“AND they shall raise up many images to him in temples, and as<sup>14</sup> men thrice always offer to thee perfect hecatombs at the three-year periods.” The son of Saturn spoke,<sup>15</sup> and nodded with his dark-blue brows, and the ambrosial curls shook down from the immortal head of the king, and he made great Olympus tremble. Thus speaking, counselling Jove nodded<sup>16</sup> with his head. Be propitious, O thou sewn [formerly in the thigh of Jove],<sup>17</sup> woman-mad. But we bards sing thee both commencing and ending,<sup>18</sup> nor is it possible to be mindful of sacred song, forgetting thee. And do thou thus hail, O thigh-sewn Bacchus, with thy mother Semele, whom they call Thyone.

<sup>13</sup> This is apparently a cento made up from different passages, but is partly preserved by Diodorus Siculus. See Ruhnken's note.

<sup>14</sup> I cannot understand this line.

<sup>15</sup> These three lines are from Il. i. 528, sqq.

<sup>16</sup> Read *ἐπένευσε*, with Ruhnken.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Porphy. de Abst. iii. p. 287 and Hesych. t. i. p. 1112.

<sup>18</sup> See Ruhnken.

## EPIGRAMS.<sup>1</sup>

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### I. TO THE CUMÆANS.

RESPECT one who is in want of hospitable gifts and a home, ye who inhabit the lofty city Cyme, beauteous maid,<sup>2</sup> the extreme foot of high-foliaged Sardene, drinking the ambrosial water of the divine river of eddying Hermus, whom immortal Jove begat.

### II. ON RETURNING TO CUMA.

SWIFTLY may my feet bear me to the city of merciful men, for their mind is willing and their prudence excellent.

### III. ON MIDE.<sup>3</sup>

I AM a brazen virgin, and am placed upon the sepulchre of Midas. And as long as water flows, and the lofty trees flourish, and the rising sun gives light, and the shining moon, † and the rivers overflow, and the sea inundates, †<sup>4</sup> remaining here upon the mournful tomb, I will inform the passers-by, that Midas is buried here.

<sup>1</sup> "Under the title of Epigrams are classed a few verses on different subjects, chiefly addressed to cities or private individuals." Coleridge, p. 317. Mr. Justice Talfourd rightly observes that the authenticity of these Fragments depends upon that of the pseud-Herodotean life of Homer, from which they are taken. (See Lit. of Greece, p. 38, in the Encycl. Metropol.) If so, their authenticity is as doubtful as their poetical value. I shall enter but little into the hopeless obscurity and corruption of some of them, as there is little to repay the trouble.

<sup>2</sup> From whom the city took its name.

<sup>3</sup> See Barnes.

<sup>4</sup> This line may be well dispensed with, and is wanting in some copies.

#### IV. HE LAMENTS HIS BLINDNESS TO THE CUMÆANS.

To what a fate did the father Jove give me to become a sport, when he nurtured me an infant upon the knees of my revered mother! [The city]<sup>5</sup> which the people of Phricon once fortified at the advice of Ægis-bearing Jove, the valiant mounters of swift steeds, contending in the contest of savage fire, Æolian Smyrna, neighbouring on the sea, lashed by the waves,<sup>6</sup> and through which the clear water of sacred Meles passes—hence setting out, the daughters of Jove, glorious children, wished to celebrate the divine earth and city of men. But they rejected the divine voice, the song, I say, through folly. Of whom some one having had experience,<sup>7</sup> will, hereafter, bethink him, because he has brought a rebuke for ever upon them through my fate.<sup>8</sup> † But I will endure the fate, which the god gave to me at my birth, bearing \* \* \*<sup>9</sup> with resolute mind. Nor do my limbs desire to remain in the sacred streets of Cumæ, but my mighty mind urges me, although weak, to go to another people.

#### V. BEGINNING OF THE LITTLE ILIAD.

I SING Ilium and Dardania renowned for steeds, on account of which the Greeks, the servants of Mars, suffered much.

#### VI. TO THE SON OF THESTOR.

SON of Thestor, although there are many things obscure to

<sup>5</sup> There is an awkward hyperbaton. The construction must be taken as if it were πόλις ἔστιν ἣν ποτ . . . . ἔνθεν, κ. τ. λ.

<sup>6</sup> I read ποντοτινακτον, with Pearson.

<sup>7</sup> I read ἀφραδίη, with Ilgen, and ὁ σφιν ὄνειδος ἔσαιεν ἐμὸν δία μήσατο πότμον, with Hermann, who interprets it, “intelliget se popularibus suis propter meam sortem æternum peperisse opprobrium,” taking ὃ for ὅτι.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. through his neglect of me.

<sup>9</sup> The word ἀκράαντα is unintelligible:

“The fate which God allotted at my birth,  
With patient heart will I endure on earth.” Coleridge.



mortals, yet nothing is more obscure to men than [their own] mind.

## VII. TO NEPTUNE.

HEAR, O Neptune, of mighty strength, Earth-Shaker, ruling over wide and yellow<sup>10</sup> Helicon, and grant a favourable breeze, and to obtain a safe journey, to the sailors, who are the guides and pilots of the ship. And grant that I, coming to the foot of lofty-cragged Mimas, may meet with merciful and holy mortals.<sup>11</sup> And may I be avenged on the man, who having deceived my mind, injured hospitable Jove and the guests' table.

## VIII. TO THE CITY ERYTHRÆA.

HALLOWED earth, giver of all, giver of agreeable wealth, how fruitful indeed hast thou proved to some men! but to some, with whom thou wast wrathful, how disagreeable and hard a soil!

## IX. TO SAILORS.

SEA-TRAVERSING sailors, like<sup>12</sup> unto hateful fate, having a life that unhappily emulates the timid coots, reverence the deity of hospitable Jove who rules on high, for dreadful is the after-vengeance of hospitable Jove [upon] whoever offends.<sup>13</sup>

## X. TO A PINE.

ANOTHER tree sends forth better fruit than thou, O Pine, on the heights of many-recessed, wind-swept Ida. There shall

<sup>10</sup> But read *ζαθέου* *divine*, with Hermann.

<sup>11</sup> *αἰδοίων—όσίωντε*. Hermann.

<sup>12</sup> One would expect some other word like "exposed to," "oppressed by." But perhaps the phrase may be understood from *δύσζηλον* in the next line.

<sup>13</sup> After this epigram, Hermann has elicited the following distich from the prose of the Life of Homer.

Υμέας, ὧ ξεῖνοι, ἄνεμος λάβεν ἀντίος ἐλθόν,  
ἀλλ' ἔπι νῦν δέξασθε, καὶ ὁ πλόος ἔσσεται ὑμῖν.

the sword of Mars fall upon earthly men, when the Cebribonian men possess it.

# XI. TO GLAUCUS.

GLAUCUS, overseer of herds, what word shall<sup>14</sup> I suggest to thy mind? First indeed give the supper to thy dogs before the gates of the hall; for thus it is better, since the dog first perceives when a man is coming, or a beast entering the enclosure.<sup>15</sup>

# XII. ON THE SAMIAN PRIESTESS.

HEAR me praying, O Apollo,<sup>16</sup> and grant that this woman may reject the love and nuptials of the youths, but let her be delighted with hoary-headed sages, whose vigour indeed is blunted, but [whose] mind is eager.<sup>17</sup>

# XIII. TO THE HOUSE OF THE PHRATRIES.

CHILDREN indeed are the glory of a man, but fortifications, of a city; and houses are the glory of the plain, but ships, of the sea. And money increases a house, but august kings, when they sit in the council, are a glory to each other<sup>18</sup> to behold. But a house is much more honourable to behold than blazing fire, in the winter-time, when the son of Saturn snows.

<sup>14</sup> Read ἔπος τί τοι ἐν φρεσὶ θήσω, with Hermann.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. they will keep off all comers.

<sup>16</sup> “Κουροτρόφος Apollo dicebatur, cui adolescentes capillos primum attondebant.” Lilius Gyrald. Syntagm. 7. p. 222. It was an epithet of several of the gods. Cf. Spanh. on Callim. in Del. 2; Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 334; Lindenbrog. on Censorin. de Die Nat. § 1. Chapman has utterly mistaken the meaning.

<sup>17</sup> “Whose powers are passing coy; whose wills would fain.”

Chapman.

<sup>18</sup> I prefer, however, κόσμος λαοῖσιν, with Ruhnken.

XIV. THE FURNACE, OR THE POT.<sup>19</sup>

If ye will give payment, I will sing, O potters. Come hither, Minerva, and uplift thy hand in defence of the furnace. But may the cups blacken well,<sup>20</sup> and all the vessels be well baked, and fetch a good price, many being sold in the market-place, and many in the streets, and may they gain much, †but we are friendly to them.†<sup>21</sup> But if, turning to shamelessness, ye tell falsehoods,<sup>22</sup> I will then call together the destroyers of the pot, Syntrips,<sup>23</sup> and Smaragus, and Asbetus, and Sabactes, and Omodamus, who bring many ills upon this art. Destroy the furnace<sup>24</sup> and the dwelling, and let the whole furnace be thrown into confusion, while the pots shriek loudly. As the horse's cheek snorts, so may the furnace snort, making all the vessels ashes within it. Hither also, daughter of the Sun, Circe of many spells, bring cruel drugs, and injure them and their works. And hither also let Chiron lead his many centaurs, both those who escaped the hands of Hercules, and who perished. Let them be evilly beaten for these works, and let the furnace fall, and themselves wailing behold the evil deeds. But I will rejoice, beholding their unhappy art. But whoever shall look too closely, may all his face be scorched with fire, that all may learn to do what is right.

## XV. THE OLIVE BRANCH.

WE approach the house of a man who possesses great power, who has great influence, and is ever very haughty in his wealth.<sup>25</sup> Ye gates, open of yourselves, for much wealth enters, and with wealth also flourishing joy, and agreeable peace. But may all the vessels, as many as there are, be

<sup>19</sup> The poet is supposed to be called in by potters, to give them a song.

<sup>20</sup> But see Ernesti.

<sup>21</sup> So Ernesti. I can make nothing either of this line, or of the conjectures upon it.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. try to cheat me of my reward.

<sup>23</sup> These names might characteristically be rendered, "Smasher, Crasher," &c.

<sup>24</sup> I read *πυρραΐθουσσαν*. See Hermann.

<sup>25</sup> Probably a spurious line, as Ernesti thinks.

full, and do thou, fire, ever approach the kneading-trough, that there may be a barley cake, of goodly appearance,<sup>26</sup> mixed with sesame. But the wife of your son shall be carried in a chariot, and stamping-footed mules shall lead her to this dwelling. But may she herself, seated on amber, weave a web. I will return, I will return every year, like a swallow. I stand at the vestibule, †and if thou wilt give aught; but if not, I will not stand still, for we have not come to live here.†<sup>27</sup>

## XVI. TO FISHERMEN.

FOR from the blood of such fathers are ye descended [as are] neither rich in lands, nor feeding countless flocks.

## XVII. MARGITES.<sup>28</sup>

MANY things he knew, but ill he knew them all.

Him the gods had made neither a digger nor a ploughman, nor otherwise wise in aught; but he failed in every art.

<sup>26</sup> See Hermann's notes.

<sup>27</sup> This epigram is so hopelessly corrupt, that I can only refer the reader to the notes of Barnes and Hermann.

<sup>28</sup> See Coleridge, p. 276, sq.

THE END.